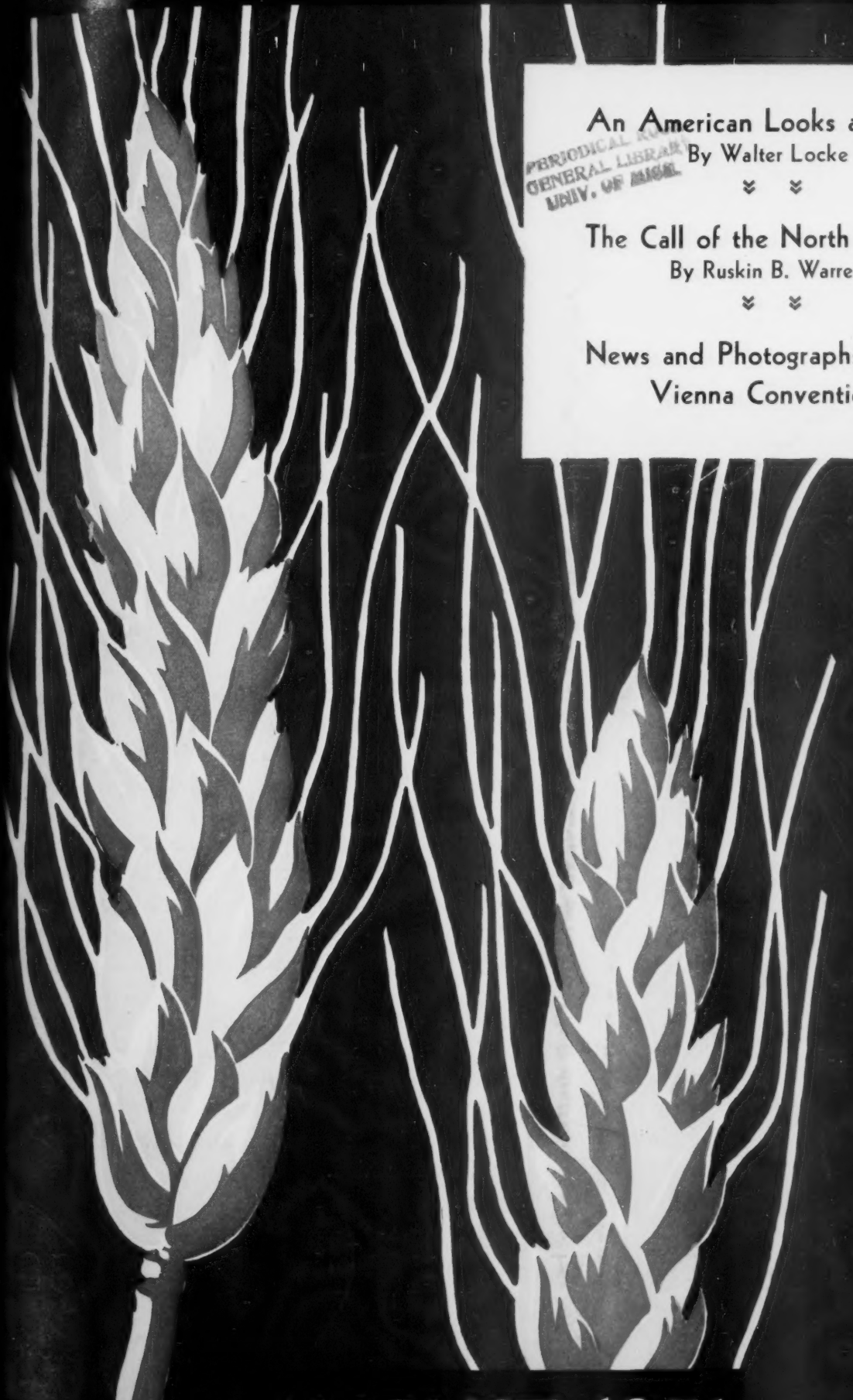


The ROTARIAN



An American Looks at Russia

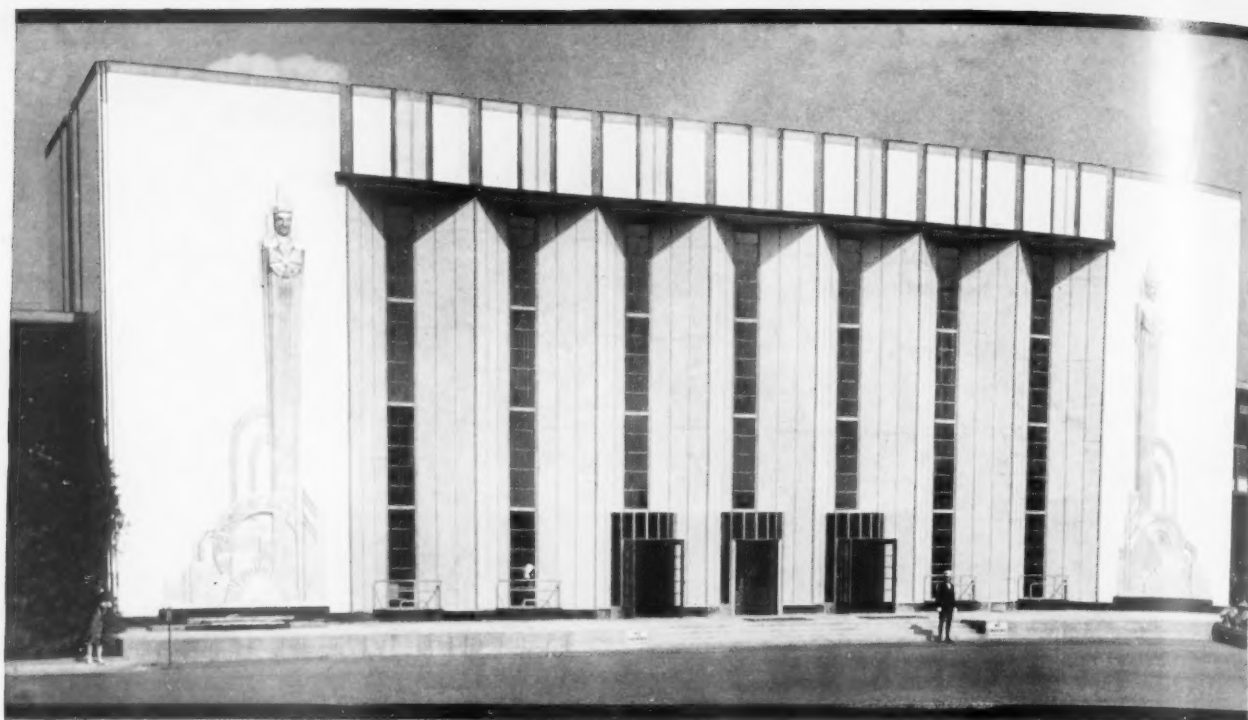
By Walter Locke

The Call of the North Woods

By Ruskin B. Warren

News and Photographs of the
Vienna Convention

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A Century of Progress

INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION, CHICAGO, 1933

The ROTARIAN

AN INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO THE ADVANCEMENT OF THE IDEAL OF SERVICE AND ITS APPLICATION TO PERSONAL, BUSINESS, COMMUNITY, AND INTERNATIONAL LIFE

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY ROTARY INTERNATIONAL

VOLUME XXXIX

AUGUST, 1931

NUMBER 2

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THE ROTARIAN is published monthly at Chicago, Illinois, by Rotary International. SYDNEY W. PASCALL, London, W. C. 1, England, (Cable address "Sydneyppa"), *President*. ROBERT E. HEUN, Richmond, Indiana, U. S. A., *First Vice-President*. ON. BIAGIO BORRIELLO, Naples, Italy, *Second Vice-President*. JOHN NELSON, Montreal, Quebec, Canada, *Third Vice-President*.

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Entered as second-class matter December 30, 1918, at the Post Office at Chicago Illinois, under the act of March 3, 1879.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES: \$1.50 the year in U. S., Canada and other countries to which minimum postal rate applies, \$2.00 in other countries.

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Western Representatives: Simpson-Reilly Union Oil Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.
Russ Bldg., San Francisco, Calif.

Continental Europe: Umberto Grippaudo, Via Francesco Nullo 15, Milano 121, Italy.



Photo: Vandyk, London

TO SYDNEY W. PASCALL, of London, has come the merited distinction of being the first European to be elected president of Rotary International. He has held numerous offices in Rotary, and is widely known throughout the British Empire as chairman of James Pascall, Ltd., manufacturing and exporting confectioners.

Consolidate, Investigate, Translate

By Sydney W. Pascall

President-elect, Rotary International

CONSOLIDATE, investigate, translate: These are three thoughts from the first Rotary convention that has been really international in its composition and in the variety of languages heard from its platform. In his summing-up address T. C. Thomsen, of Copenhagen, Denmark, used ten different languages. Will our children be wise enough to have an auxiliary language for such international gatherings so that *all* may understand *all* that is said?

As I travel away from Vienna—the first European to be elected Rotary International president, I acknowledge gratefully and with a feeling of deep responsibility, the kindness and friendship of my friends in Rotary and especially of my American friends—who possessed seventy-five per cent of the voting power—in selecting me for this honorable position.

I have no slogan to suggest, no motto for the year, and Rotary needs no motto other than "Service"—"Service" unqualified, unconditional. "Let him that would be great among you be servant of all"; that is the Rotarian's high aim.

I will try to set down one or two thoughts that come to me in looking back at our convention.

CONSOLIDATE: It is a time of world-wide trade depression. At such a time the wise man of business and affairs pursues a conservative policy and seeks to consolidate his position. Let us consolidate our club membership. We do it by stimulating the attendance, by the cautious selection of suitable men to fill vacant classifications, by making good the work of existing committees, by revising the working of the Aims and Objects plan in our club.

The work of extension in the founding of new clubs should proceed, but let us exercise great care in selecting our prospects. Let us be sure that the community chosen can support a strong club.

INVESTIGATE: There were many interesting addresses at Vienna dealing with "Our Present Discontents." As citizens of the world, as men of affairs, as Rotarians bearing the badge of "Service" we are in duty bound to inform ourselves on these problems. Not to propound remedies or to pass resolutions in our clubs, for that is the business of bodies within whose sphere of action these matters lie. But we may, by study and discussion in our clubs in the friendly,

helpful atmosphere of Rotary, fit ourselves to judge wisely when these questions come before us in our individual or representative capacity.

Disarmament, on which Lord Cecil spoke so convincingly at the convention, especially concerns Rotary. On the success of the disarmament conference next February depends the achievement of all that Rotary holds dear, understanding, goodwill, and international peace. Therefore, let us study disarmament, and, as Rotarians, help to create the atmosphere in which all governments may operate more easily in the search for international coöperation.

Economic problems, or more simply put, the problem of earning our living, is another subject for study and discussion amongst Rotarians.

TRANSLATE: Is it possible for us to translate our spoken and written expressions of goodwill and friendship into something concrete and tangible? A wonderful example of this was announced to the world during the session of our convention. President Hoover stated that the United States of America proposed to remit for one year the payment of interest on war debts, as a contribution to the rebuilding of prosperity in all nations.

Can we, in our modest way and with our more limited opportunities, translate our very real feeling of friendship for the peoples, amongst whom we have comrades in Rotary, into something genuine and actual? How may it be done? Here is a subject worthy of consideration in every Rotary club.

It is, I am convinced, the dearest wish of every Rotarian the world over. Our difficulty is to find the way. There is, I am sure, no *one* way. One may find it possible to give employment to a young person from another nation for a time in his own business; another, to entertain for a longer or shorter period, Rotarians from abroad or their sons and daughters, as welcome guests in their own homes.

These are definite personal gestures, full of possible results in present and future international amity. There are, without doubt, many other ways.

Rotary is, year by year, becoming more international in its membership. It is for us, Rotarians of 1931, to make it in every way more truly international in operation.

Candid observations on the "Land of the Five-Year-Plan" . . . an attempt to interpret its real significance for the rest of the world.

An American Looks at Russia

By Walter Locke

THE czars of Russia laid their railroad tracks four inches wider than the standard gauge. Russia, before the age of steam, had been invaded from the west. It remembered bitterly Napoleon and the embers of Moscow. It was bad enough to face Napoleon afoot. When enemies from the west again launched themselves at Russia, they would not find Russian railroads inviting invading trains to rush at Russia's heart. The czars laid their rails so an enemy train would fall between them on the ties.

In 1914 and 1915 the Germans did launch their legions against the czar; and they narrowed the gauge of his railroad, as they came on, so fast it dizzied the none too level head of the simple czar. The Germans drove into Warsaw and across Russian Poland on these quickly narrowed rails. At the border of White Russia they were stopped, their gauge narrowing with them. Here the Russian forest held. As a barrier to military invasion, the czar's wide-gauge scheme was a failure. As maker of a change of cars, along with a change in everything else, for all comers to Russia, it is a full success.



Photo: Underwood & Underwood

A fair cog in the Russian timber industry is Comrade Ananiina, of Krasnoborsk. Russia's virgin forests could cover the entire United States.

One may go to sleep in Paris and, if he sleeps long enough, wake up about two days later at the log railway station at the Polish-Russian frontier. That is, if the Belgian, German, and Polish custom officials are good natured enough not to wake him at their several frontiers. But he could sleep as long as Rip Van Winkle and not get farther; for here all trains must stop. Here the Russian gauge begins. Entering Russia, you meet a new and different railroad gauge.

You meet a new and different everything. . . . Pass the proletarian customs inspector, declare all your cash, climb into your wide-gauge Moscow sleeper, make terms with the new master of Russia, your proletarian porter; get rid of the notion that your white collar and full pocket make you a person of importance; you are in for a whirl with a new and topsy-turvy world.

Russia begins in Europe at the Baltic sea and stretches, an almost unbroken plain, to the farther

edge of Asia. From the Polish border to Moscow is a night and a bit of a forenoon. If we were going on across Russia to its farthest east we should have to stay on the train another eight or nine days. Russia reaches east and west as far as the United States would stretch if it were an unbroken plain from the far tip of Maine to the farther sugar fields of Hawaii. Most of this plain, its temperate parts, will grow wheat—a world flood of wheat.

THIS farming zone alone is as big as the whole United States. North of the wheat lands stretches the Russian forest. This virgin wood again is as big as all United States. Russia can supply the presses of the world with pulpwood for centuries.

Southward from its wheat fields Russia reaches into semi-tropical zones. Its products range from the cotton of Turkestan to the furs of the Arctic seas.

Russia is as big as the United States, Canada, Mexico, and Central America combined.

The present population of Russia is 162,500,000, as many people as there are in both the United States and France. They are increasing at the rate of 2,500,000 a year, more than all the rest of Europe combined. In twenty years Russia will have nearly 200,000,000 people. If the United States has room for 150,000,000, Russia has room for 300,000,000. At the present rate of growth, in not much over half a



Collective farmers (top) return from the day's labor in the fields, banners flying. Russia's five-year "hurry-up" program has also overtaken these apprentices (middle) at a factory in Scheglovsk. The reinforced concrete skyscraper (bottom) at Chatcow will be known as the "Palace of Industry."

Photos: (1 and 2) ©Press Cliche, Wide World; (3) Underwood and Underwood.



Photo: Underwood and Underwood

The "modern" style of architecture is popular in New Russia. This striking building is a clubhouse for municipal workers of Sokolniki (Moscow city district).

century, it will have them. They are a young race. They are just emerging—some hardly begun to emerge—from the patriarchal and tribal youth in which they have waited for uncounted thousands of years. They are oriental, slavic.

WHAT difference that may make everybody guesses, nobody knows. Will their oriental, slavic temperament mean that they are not to be the bond-bursting, imperialistic, conquering race which our ancestors, their predecessors out of Asia, have been? Probably we ought to hope so. In a land much of which can be tractor-plowed, in furrows miles long, these people, once their energies are released, may go far.

At a time when nations are painfully readjusting themselves economically, socially and politically this strange, odd-gauge phenomenon of the East steps forth—this young Russia of boundless lands and teeming tribes and outlandish economics. Western Europe, we can say, has had its day. Southern Asia—over-crowded India and China—we can say, has had its day. Russia, feeling its way on unsteady, infant feet—its day, if it is to have its day, is yet to come. The United States, standing strong in the

confidences of its prime, is having its day. Is it to be a rising Russia which she faces?

The czar of all the Russias was the Russians' "little father." He was a million times magnified patriarchal Jacob with a million times twelve sons to work for him and obey him. The "little father" had his Josephs, his favorites. The wealth and power of this multitudinous family were concentrated, patriarchal fashion, in a few hands. Russia consisted of a few rich and many poor. It had no middle class, no great steadying body of people with an ownership in the country, with farms and homes of their own to fight for.

The fortunate few neglected their "family." The poor and ignorant remained poor and ignorant. The favored few thought only of themselves. They grew corrupt, as self-centered men always do. The people, with their country's affairs corruptly and incompetently conducted, sank deeper into poverty. They spoke their discontents. On a famous Sunday they called on the czar to ask for better days. The small boys of Leningrad (then St. Petersburg) climbed the trees in front of the winter palace the better to see the sight. The answer of the czar was a volley of bullets from his soldiers' guns. The boys in the trees,

struck by the straying balls, dropped like shot turkeys from the branches on which they sat.

Things went from bad to worse. The World War came. The czar sent a million men into the Masurian marshes against the Germans. The million men were given a fourth of a million guns. In the cartridges was more sawdust than gunpowder. Half a million Russian lives were thrown away. Before the whole affair was to end, millions more were sacrificed. Before the war was over, the czardom crashed under the weakness of its own rottenness.

LIVING hunted in cellars or in foreign exile, there was a group of agitators who had dreamed of this day. When the shriveled czardom fell; when, after that, an effort to establish a middle class democracy failed for want of a middle class; then into the vacuum stepped the ready Lenin and his little group of communists. The "little father" gone, the government was gone. The people had not been trained to govern themselves. They waited, an orphaned family of 150,000,000 children, to be adopted. Only Lenin and his communists were ready. With their blue-print Utopia in their hands and heads, they stepped to the empty throne. In place of the dictatorship of the czar, they declared the dictatorship of the proletariat.

What is done today in any land, by any people, is the fruit of what was done yesterday. The Russian people did not bring communism upon Rus-

sia. The communists played only an accessory part. They were all creatures of fate. The October day of 1917 which precipitated this adventure was predestined by the czarist rule which created the conditions, prepared the soil, of which [Continued on page 52]

Photos: Underwood & Underwood



"Presto! . . . the midget farms of the peasants are combined into the monster farms of the government . . . 'wheat factories' . . . with tractor furrows forty miles long."

The proletarian régime has brought to these two aged peasant women their first opportunity to learn how to read and to write.



"The flames roared and leaped. . . . The fire mothered us as an old hen does her brood. It seemed to be between us and all harm."

Photo:
H. Armstrong Roberts



The Call of the North Woods

By Ruskin B. Warren

"MOOSE tomorrow! Maybe. Big a Moose! Maybe!" Oh, the magic of these words! They put sparks in your blood. They lift your chest with a gasp—and living becomes rounder, fuller.

Seated at my desk one evening, after a hard day's work—or so it seemed to me—my eyes fell on an advertisement of a Canadian railroad, illustrated with a monstrous bull moose. I read it, every word. It

slowly sank in, deep. The last alluring phrase was: "The North Woods Beckons You."

I was mentally dead and physically all in. I was in the old rut of monotony. The daily grind had been taking its toll. I had gone stale. But suddenly, as I read, I felt an urge to go beyond the pale of civilization—where the telephone is unknown, where business cares are limited to getting today's subsistence, where man can be—well, primitive. I read the advertisement again, and I knew the North Woods was beckoning *me* and that I could not resist.

Early September found me in the extreme western part of the province of Quebec, a "Yankee sportsman," as the people of the North Country call us, bound for "the bush." My partner, a business man, was also in the darned-if-I-care state of mind. Our guides were an old Indian and his son. Neither had seen a train.

It was a bright morning that we hopped into our canoes, and pointed their bark noses up the lake towards Hudson's Bay. We paddled along easily—four miles an hour, I estimated our speed. The ever-changing scenery enthralled me as the dip, dip of the paddles sped us on. I relaxed and drank in the exhilaration of the crisp air, the soothing silence, the vast distances. Slowly through my spirit spread a new joy . . . quite unlike anything I ever before had known. A peaceful joy, it was, calm . . . expansive . . . satisfying.

The Indians broke the silence with a few low words in their own tongue. The old man then turned. "Make tea," he said. We floated ashore, had refreshments, rested an hour, and took up our paddles again. The afternoon passed easily. About four o'clock, the Indians exchanged a few guttural comments, with a certain emphasis I thought ominous. My partner looked at me and smiled. Something, it was clearly evident, was about to happen!

The Indian boy uttered a sharp quick sound, and the paddles stopped. We listened. I heard nothing. The air chilled me, and, I noted, snow clouds were lowering. Yet, the Indians did not stir. My nerves began to rebel at the enforced silence, when suddenly the old Indian spoke.

"Moose tomorrow," he said. "Maybe! Big a moose! Make tea. Camp!"

NEAR an old "burn," where a fire of years ago had swept down the hillside, we debarked. The Indians, axes in hand, hurried away. The boy felled six spruce saplings near the edge of the burn, trimmed them, cut them to eight-foot lengths, then sharpened the butt-ends of four. The loose boughs were threaded, spiral fashion, on the ax handle, and brought back to camp. Meanwhile, the old man had built a fire, and cleared away the underbrush for the two tents.

Two sharpened spruce poles were jabbed into the ground about seven feet apart, and at a height of about seven feet the third pole was tied to the uprights with a piece of moose rawhide to form a ridgepole for a tent.

After the two tents were up, the ax handle was shorn of spruce boughs. They were spread over the floor, sharp points being pushed lightly into the soft ground. Over this green mattress we laid thin, light,

A long, booming call resounded over the hill. "Big a moose call a woman moose! Go get a moose!"

Photo: Canadian Pacific Railroad



and waterproof sheets. Sleeping bags went on top, making, in all, comfortable, dry and fragrant beds.

The old Indian went to the lake for a pail of water. Coming back he stopped and looked up at the sky. The snow was now falling. He stood quietly, every muscle taut, every sense strained. Suddenly he spoke, "Big a moose now, he calling a woman moose."

We listened and after a short interval we could hear the call echo through the bush, probably more than five miles away.

Tea was soon made, a northern pike crisped, and we sat down to eat. And how we ate! Baked beans, fish, toast, and tea . . . with the big flakes of snow falling about us. Two hundred miles from civilization. No ringing telephones, no glass-topped desks, no conferences, none of civilization's luxuries to which we were accustomed.

There we sat quietly, two Indians and two white men. My thoughts turned to home, and to loved ones. The warm house, the comforts of the twentieth century—and I had left them for this! But the North Woods had beckoned . . . and the deep desires of the soul must be satisfied.

It had long since become dark. My friend and I, in a few words, had reached a sympathetic understanding. We chatted freely until the fire became a pile of burning embers. The young Indian was in his tent asleep. The chief had disappeared.

I gathered up some wood while my companion raked the live coals together. The flames roared and leaped, and we huddled up closer. The fire mothered us as an old hen does her brood. It seemed to be between us and all harm.

A strangely poignant yearning mingled with a queer satisfaction within me. I was both sad and happy. Fear had lain hold on me, but I was not afraid. I was warm, yet I shivered as though cold. I wanted to cry, but I laughed, rather nervously, I think.

"Do you feel queer?" my partner asked.

"Good heavens, yes!" I answered. "How do you

feel? As though spiders were down your back?"

He revealed that he was having the same thrill. We thought it was fear, but it was not. For four consecutive years since, to run ahead of my story, September has found me in the bush, and each time

the campfire has produced the same sensation. Why? I don't know unless

it is that this nerve-worn frame of mine, purged by a complete relaxation, casts out the poison absorbed by the top-speed and hum-drum of modern urban living.

While we were yet talking, the old Indian returned with a piece of birch-bark about the size of a sheet of newspaper. He called to his son. The two rolled the bark into the shape of a megaphone, such as I had used in my days at college, and deftly secured it with moose rawhide. Something was about to happen. A long booming call resounded over the hill.

"Big a moose call a woman moose! Go get a moose!" snapped the old man. The pitch of his voice signified action. We knew if we were to get a moose we had to lose no time.

WE SNATCHED our rifles, a few shells, flashlights, and ponchos, and ran to the canoes. The Indians moved faster than I ever saw them move before. We were away in double quick time. I looked at my watch as I lit a cigarette and it was exactly nine o'clock. The snow had ceased, and the moon was out making the shores of the lake plainly visible in contrast to the dark woods.

We paddled about four miles to the end of the lake, and hurried up a small creek until stopped by a low falls. The Indians beckoned, and out of the canoes we leaped, rifles in hand. They quietly and quickly threw the canoes over their shoulders and started out on a dead run. We followed. Two miles—it seemed more like seven to me—brought us to the other end of the portage. A small lake was dimly outlined by the moonbeams.

I lit a cigarette but the [Continued on page 48]



Photo: Ewing Galloway, N. Y.

"... when the telephone bell makes me jump . . . I know what to do . . ."

"What This Firm Needs—"

By William H. McMasters

Illustrations by Philip W. Prugh

AS BERT SPAULDING stepped from the side entrance of the Carter House, in Boston, he was thinking of the business depression. He couldn't very well help it, for the papers were full of it, and at a meeting of the Rotary club, in Danbury, the day before he had heard a speaker outline the story of business cycles. But, he resolved, nothing should dampen his spirits on this, his first trip to Boston.

The porter set the two heavy suit cases on the sidewalk, and two rather seedy looking men ambled over as if to take them. Spaulding looked up, and noticed a little man, neatly dressed, standing on the walk. He caught his eye.

"Do you think," Spaulding asked, "you can handle them. They're fairly heavy?"

"What's the line?" asked the little man.

Being a short story of a silk salesman who, though he filled his orderbook in spite of the depression, was called on the carpet.

"Silks," answered Spaulding. "I have a big day ahead, all new territory to me, but you can have the job if you want it."

The little man's face lighted up. "I certainly want it. I love silks. Years ago, I sold them."

"That's great," said Spaulding, enthusiastically, as he and the two heavy cases and the little man were loaded into the taxi.

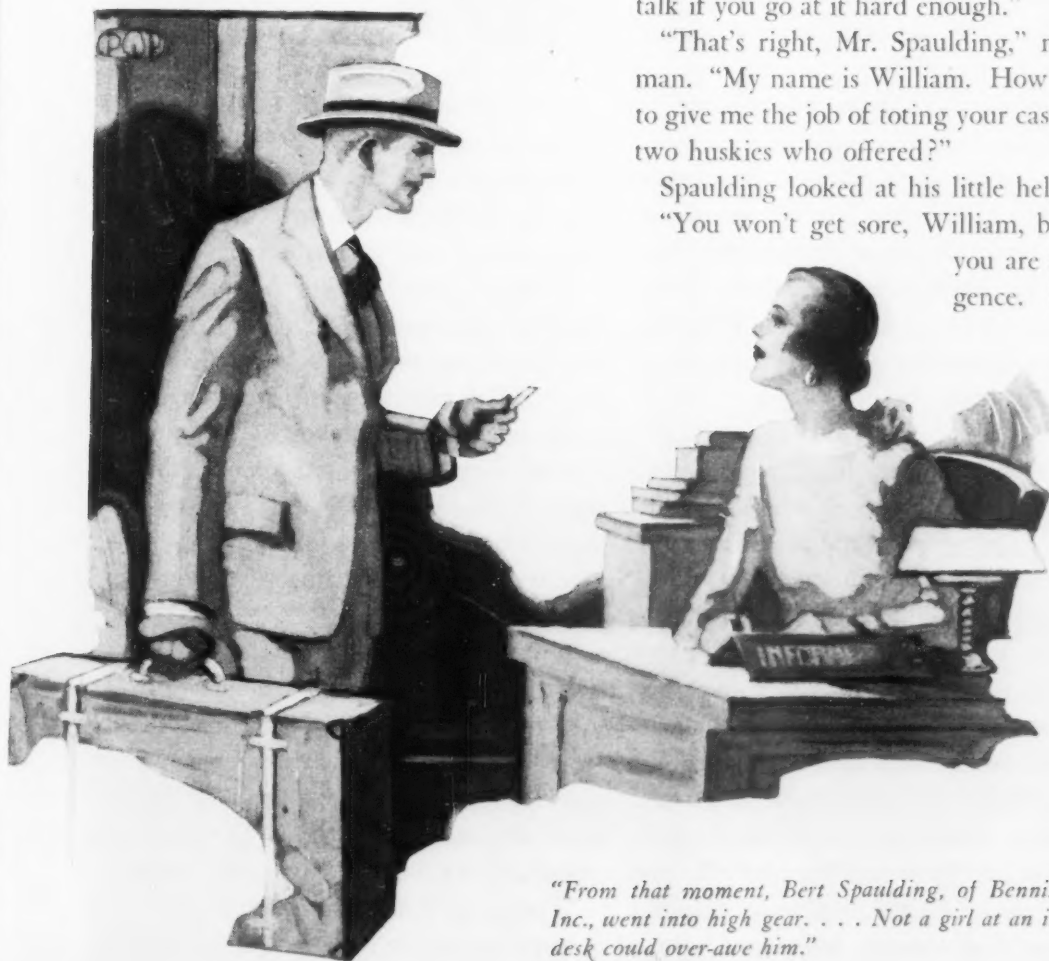
"My name is Spaulding. This is my first trip to Boston. They say it is a hard territory, but I've got the best line of silks made in America and that's the important thing in selling . . . having the goods to back you up. It even overcomes the depression talk if you go at it hard enough."

"That's right, Mr. Spaulding," nodded the little man. "My name is William. How did you happen to give me the job of toting your cases when you had two huskies who offered?"

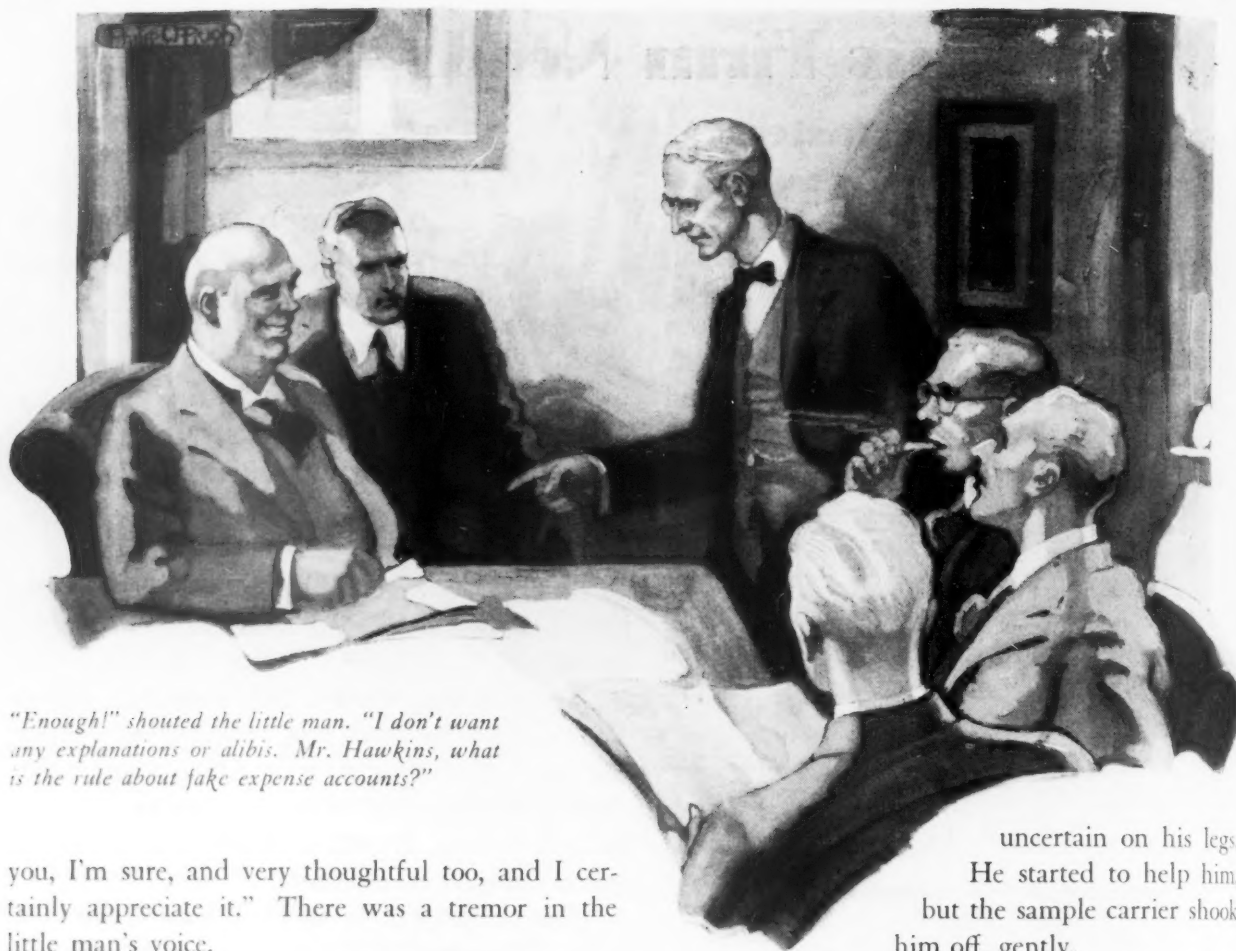
Spaulding looked at his little helper.

"You won't get sore, William, because I can see you are a man of intelligence. I thought that a man of your age, willing to carry sample cases would need the job pretty badly, especially in these very serious times of unemployment."

"That was very kind of



"From that moment, Bert Spaulding, of Bennison's Silks, Inc., went into high gear. . . . Not a girl at an information desk could over-awe him."



"Enough!" shouted the little man. "I don't want any explanations or alibis. Mr. Hawkins, what is the rule about fake expense accounts?"

you, I'm sure, and very thoughtful too, and I certainly appreciate it." There was a tremor in the little man's voice.

"That's O. K., William," said Spaulding, heartily. "We old silk salesmen must stand together."

From that moment, Bert Spaulding, of Bennison's Silks, Inc. went into high gear. Not a buyer could turn him down. Not a girl at an information desk could over-awe him. With little William handling the two big cases as deftly as a helper for Houdini, the Bennison line was shown as it had never been shown in Boston for many years.

THE way that Spaulding "crashed the gate" was no more spectacular than the way in which his little helper put the bolts of silk and the beautiful cards on the desks of the buyers. No matter how "hard-boiled" they came, Spaulding was there with the arguments and the persistence of the man who would not be denied. Patience exuded from every pore. And at the end of the long day, with William almost a physical wreck, the orders had piled up into a staggering total for even a big seasonal day.

It was after six o'clock that the taxi drew up at the curb of the Carter House and the porter helped them with their cases. As the little man alighted from the car, Spaulding thought he seemed a trifle

uncertain on his legs. He started to help him, but the sample carrier shook him off, gently.

"It was a hard day's work, William, and I wouldn't be surprised if you were tired. I'm tired myself, but I always work harder in a new territory. I feel that I owe it to the firm to give the line a good start. Step inside and we will settle up.

"Well, I guess we put a crimp into that old bugaboo, the business depression, today, William," said Spaulding, when they reached his rooms in the hotel. "The regular pay for carrying is five dollars for the day, but I think you have earned double that so I am slipping you a ten. Besides that, William, I want to thank you for the way you handled the stuff. I have learned a lot from you today. I guess you were some salesman when you were on the road."

William smiled as he reached for the new ten dollar bill that Spaulding handed him.

"Are you sure that your house will stand for a tip of five dollars, Mr. Spaulding?" he asked, "because if they won't, I am perfectly willing to let it stand at the regular rate. I have had a great day myself, if you don't mind my saying so."

"Forget it, William," said Spaulding. "My house is one of the best in America. [Continued on page 49]

Hi! The Fortunate Prexy

(Being in the nature of a retort courteous to Edgar Doudna, who wrote "Lo! The Poor President" in the July ROTARIAN.)

DEAR EDGAR:

Since you are a "professional educator" and hail from Madison, Wisconsin, I am disposed to be lenient with you. Madison is one of my favorite haunts and Universitatis Wisconsinensis is my Alma Mater. So I can forgive you much; but I can't overlook your erroneous impressions on being a Rotary president.

You see, it's this way. I've been president now for about two months. But before that I was vice-president for two years. And as v.p. I actually saw two presidents do considerable work.

So I made up my mind that when, as and if the presidential toga, crown and, gavel should descend around, upon and to me, I'd have fun.

And I'm having it.

First, a committee waited on me in somewhat of fear and trembling. They said they wondered if I'd consider taking the presidency. "Bless your hearts gentlemen and brothers, I'm glad to have the opportunity!" So that was settled.

Committees, hum—that *is* a job. So I took some time before July first and started out. Programs first, of course. First man turned me down, but the second one accepted cheerfully and from then on, every single Rotarian I have asked to serve on a committee as chairman or member has said "Yes" and has said it quickly.

Just to let the program chairman know I was his friend, I arranged for the first month's meetings myself. Won his undying gratitude by so doing, too. And when I took him a list of all the other eleven months with the dates for each meeting carefully typed and some question marks after the dates signifying the absence of a speaker or a planned program, he said, "Just leave the rest to me." And I'm leaving it and he's doing it.

Then I found out that about a dozen new members in our club (total membership 175), didn't know the older Rotarians and it was also a perfect case of *vice versa*. So I appointed those new members on the fellowship committee. Now they stand in line at the door and you should see those older members get busy and shake hands and do the first-name act pronto. It's positively thrilling.

After being elected, but before taking office, I

went to the district conference, and found a well-organized bloc movement both on foot and horse-back to send the conference next spring to my club. Talked it over with the retiring president and we bowled the committee over by accepting with alacrity and a pleasant smile. But we knew our stuff! The *past presidents* of our club are going to be appointed as an executive committee to handle that district conference next spring. No group of greybeards, they. Their whiskers won't have time to grow when they find out their jobs. And they'll like it.

Edgar, you said something about the president being the "patient and long-suffering goat." Why man! he's a favored individual; he's sitting on top of the world. My secretary opens all the mail; then he stops to see me a couple of times a week and outlines the details of said correspondence. I use the wellknown powers of ratiocination common to all Rotary club presidents and say "Yes" or "No," as the case may be.

Requests for contributions, propagandists trying to horn in at meetings, and other trifling impedimenta like that? Oh, yes, now and then, but we give them a hearing once in a while and occasionally let them talk at meetings for just *five minutes*. That suffices. Our Rotarians generally are a pretty straight-thinking, clear-headed group; they know what they want to do and they do it.

COMPLAINTS? Yes sir, wouldn't think the club was on its toes if we didn't get them. Classifications, for instance. Sort of a ticklish subject in one or two cases. But you ought to see the banker member, who is chairman of our classification committee. By the time he gets through analyzing the situation and thinking through on the matter, any trouble is ironed out just as smoothly as that bank's paper! Another jewel in my crown.

And then there's my board of directors. Busy men, every one. But you know that new adage, "If you want to get something done, ask a busy man to do it." Our board meets every two weeks on the day before Rotary meeting. Secretary has a list of matters prepared in advance, full dis- [Continued on page 56]

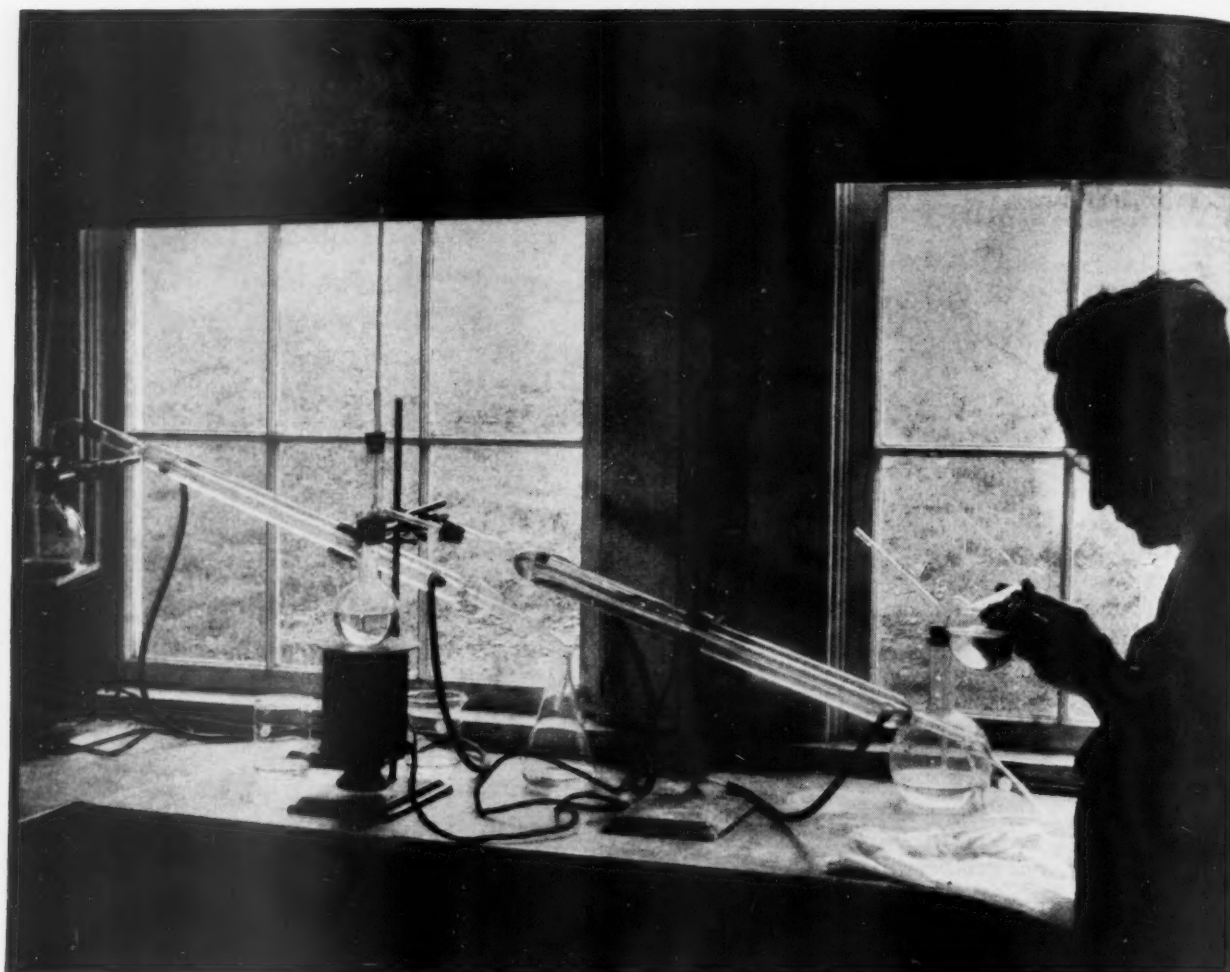


Photo: Rutan

Why a Life in the Laboratory?

By Arthur H. Compton

As told to Leland D. Case

WHY DO men who might be doing exciting things in business spend long hours in laboratories over problems in physics or working with X-ray tubes?

I was thinking about that question some time ago while reading a book written by Marco Polo, that adventuresome Italian of the thirteenth century who travelled as far east as China and there entered the service of Emperor Kublai Khan.

When he came back to his native Italy what surprised his countrymen most was his story about the Chinese and their baths. Most Chinese, he reported, took a bath a day, and many took two baths a day.

Marco's fellow Italians could hardly believe this,

Many men are content to toil over technical scientific problems when they could be making more money in business. Why do they do it?

especially when he said that these baths were taken in warm water.

"How," he was asked, "could so much water be heated? Why, it would take all of the forests in China to provide fuel to heat bath water for so many people!" And then the canny questioners would laugh.

But Marco was equal to the occasion. He admitted that fuel *was* a problem but said that the ingenious Chinese had solved it by discovering stones that would burn. These stones, he further declared, were most marvellous because when ignited they

could be heaped together and would burn all night, thus keeping the water warm for several hours at a time. Marco's account of these remarkable stones even included more information. They were secured, he said, high up in the mountains.

This, of course, was really too much to believe. But Italians have always loved a good story, and contemporaries came to regard this as among the best of the bizarre anecdotes related by the loquacious globe-trotter.

Now, however, we realize that Marco's imagination was not simply running riot. He had actually seen black stones that would burn. He had glimpsed the possibilities of coal as fuel. His situation was simply that of a visitor returning from a highly civilized country to a semi-civilized land, for China in the thirteenth century was far ahead of Italy, though in Italy burned brightest the flame of western culture.

A FEW months after reading about Marco Polo's adventures, I found myself in China. But I was *not* astounded as was Marco by finding a more advanced civilization than the one I had left. Instead, industry and arts here seemed to me primitive.

"Why," I asked myself, "in seven short centuries has leadership in human progress passed from the East to the West. Why has China, for the most part, not advanced from the days of Kublai Khan?"

That is a popular question in the West, and the first and rather flattering answer we have given is that the white race is intrinsically a superior race.

But if we stop to think, that is not a satisfactory explanation. Near Peiping I saw the famous great wall of China. Up and down hill and across rivers it extends for 1,500 miles. It is so wide in places that three two-horse teams can travel abreast on its top. As an engineering feat it makes the building of the transcontinental railroad a comparatively small matter. We shall have to go to the Panama canal to find a project relatively as gigantic in execution. All of which leads to the conclusion that the Chinese certainly are not inferior in abilities.

And then, too, we have said that our progress is due to our superior governmental ability. We know, we have told ourselves, how to organize states so as to bring forth the latent talents and abilities of man, but we forget that Kublai Khan's grandfather was Jenghiz Khan who threw together the greatest empire of all time both for size and for number of people concerned. Alexander the Great's empire endured but a few years, but the one created by Jenghiz Khan lasted

"Science helps us to find our place in the world, and to make living enjoyable by giving us a purer feeling for beauty; for is not the feeling for beauty a result of closer understanding?"

for generations and its power extended even for centuries.

It has been suggested that our brains are more alert, have greater powers of retention, finer sensibilities, and more constructive propensities. And yet those of us who are connected with universities know that some of our finest students are those that come from China, Japan, India [*Continued on page 46*]

Photo. Underwood & Underwood



"Five days of the week I rush back to the city room . . . and reduce to a news story the happenings of the current luncheon."

Illustrations by
Don Herold



Reporting The Service Club

By John W. Harden

Staff Writer, Charlotte, N.C., News

I AM, I contend, the champion service club reporter.

Every week, day in and day out, I attend five service club luncheons, join in the singing of the club song, applaud following So and So's rendition of one of the semi-classics, and hear the speaker of the occasion. Five days of the week I rush back to the city room of our afternoon newspaper at two o'clock and reduce to a news story the happenings of the current luncheon.

For nearly three years now I have shared the enthusiasm, the accomplishments, the difficulties, and the luncheon club food with the Rotarians, Kiwanians, Lions, Monarchs, and the American Business Clubbers of Charlotte.

This attendance at the luncheons of the service clubs is a part of my "beat," that is, a part of the work to which I am assigned daily. I "cover" the service clubs. That assignment carries with it more than

If your activities aren't getting the publicity they deserve and require, perhaps the fault is your own. Newspaper men are, after all, only human once you know them.

mere attendance at the weekly meetings. It means that I write the advance stories for exceptional programs that are arranged, and give the newspaper-reading public its accounts of all the charitable enterprises, programs, and various services that the clubs render to the city or to any stratum of its population. I also look after the "ladies' night" meetings and the summer picnics.

Such an activity with so many clubs entitles me, I think, to claim the title of champion service club reporter. Perhaps it also puts me in a position to offer suggestions to club officials and publicity committees, pointing out ways of establishing firmer relationships with the press and of gaining in influence through the publicity that the Fourth Estate alone can give.

First of all, may I say, a newspaper reporter cannot

take the notes that were made by the club secretary and write a satisfactory account of a meeting. Nor can he come any nearer catching the spirit of what happened with an account obtained over the telephone from someone who was present. It hardly is fair to expect a reporter to put himself into the writing of a service club event that he has not seen or heard.

SUGGESTION Number One, therefore, is: Have a "gentleman of the press" with you, preferably the same one, week after week.

Such a thing is simple here at the scene of my newspapering. The *News* pays particular attention to the service clubs on the theory that they are good "copy," that they have as large a following among our readers as any other similar group of organizations, with the possible exception of the churches, and that they will bear watching because often, at the least expected time, they supply a story that deserves front page.

The *News* has a standing arrangement with all of the clubs of Charlotte for a reporter to be present at the meetings. He is a guest of the club. This plan works out satisfactorily, and is to be commended from the standpoint of both the club and the newspaper.

Second in importance among the things that facilitate handling of club news and at the same time yield much additional publicity in the form of news stories between weekly luncheons and regular meetings, is the fact that my name, as club reporter, is on the regular membership mailing lists of the clubs. In this way I receive the news-letters, publications,



announcements, circular letters, and such matter, just as though I were a full-fledged member of each organization.

By means of these I can furnish my paper with a constant stream of stories from day to day about the undertakings of the service clubs. This continual bombardment of publicity puts a club in the eyes of the public and is, I might add, the kind of thing that big corporations and commercial associations hire high-priced, high-powered press agents to do. But it costs the service clubs only a few cents in postage.

It might be well to halt at this point to say that the newspaper reporter is to be trusted. Never fear, when you lay all of your cards on the table, that he will take advantage of you. You may, however, have ample reason to believe that he will take advantage of you if you start holding out cards and putting them up your sleeve, expecting a mere newspaper man to be so stupid as not to miss the cards.

If there is something about your club that you want to keep out of the papers it never is a good idea to start covering up. Such actions usually inspire a reporter to counter with excursions under the surface of things that are sure to end up with the appearance in print of whatever it is that you are trying to hide—if it is worth [Continued on page 51]





Photo: Ewing Galloway, N. Y.

Bali, Jewel of the South Seas

By Lillian Dow Davidson

A NEVER to be forgotten trip to Paradise as a Christmas present! An earthly paradise of lush tropic growth, peopled with a music-loving, dance-loving, pageant-loving golden brown folk whose exquisite maidens tread closely upon the heels of the Venus de Milo in the race for beauty of form.

Alluring? Well, so it seemed to the Davidson family. And this is how it happened. Illness laid us low, my husband, my daughter, and myself, almost simultaneously, just as the holiday season of 1929 was approaching. The doctor in Singapore advised a change to Java. The little god of good luck directed the steps of the Canadian Trade Commissioner of Java to our door. Just the man!

"We've heard much about Bali.* Is it near Java?" we asked him. "What is it like? Is it 'The Last Paradise,' 'The Enchanted Isle' that we read about?"

Our genial caller's answers so whetted our imagi-

Tourists haven't yet spoiled this quaint island where women run the business and men devote themselves to music and cock fighting.

nations that the door had barely closed upon him when Jim, eyes aglitter with anticipated adventure, burst forth with, "Let's give ourselves a real Christmas present and spend ten days in Bali." "Splendid," we countered, "when do we start?"

And so we went to Bali. It was a gorgeous present with but one fault. The ten days, as good things have a habit of doing, came to an end all too soon. But Bali still remains in our hearts, a glorious, priceless, and imperishable memory.

How to bring Bali to you? That is the question. How to re-create the ethos and atmosphere of Bali; its tropical lavishness of lovely greens and rich warm browns; its terraced rice fields resembling the limestone terraces of thermal regions; its unspoiled, gentle, contented people whose religion envelops them like a cloak; its music; its dancing; its cremations,

*Pronounced as though spelled Bah'lee.

yes, and even its popular cock fights? A stupendous task, truly.

But a bit of advice seems necessary at the start. To have Bali strike just the right chord, you simply must cast off every shred of prejudice, lock up tight any remaining wisp of mid-Victorian prudery, realize once for all that lack of clothes by no means signifies lack of morals, forget the speedy twentieth century with its restless, ceaseless striving after God-knows-what, and then and then only can you enjoy to the full slower-tempoed Bali.

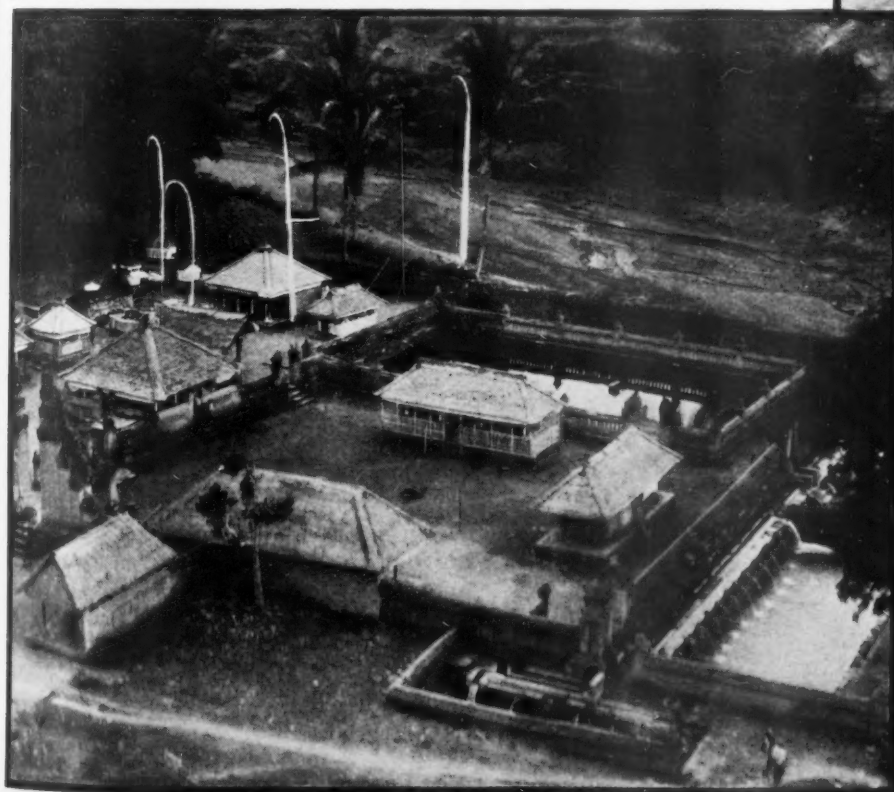
What and where is Bali? Well, take your map of the Far East and hunt up Borneo. Run your finger just south of it and you will find that Bali is the first of a long chain of islands that protrude from the east coast of Java like the tail vertebrae of a dinosaur. It is rather a diminutive island (fifty by one hundred miles in size) to give shelter and sustenance to one million people.

Bali is somewhat of an anomaly. How she has happily been able to keep herself to herself for so many centuries and live her own life without outside influence has puzzled many a learned head. It is believed that sometime during the period of the all-powerful Hindu kingdom in Java, Hinduism spread to Bali and became fused with an aboriginal animism. Authorities also generally agree that the Javanese and the Balinese, though their languages are different, have a common origin. With the fall of this kingdom in Java Hinduism there was smothered up by Mohammedanism, but Bali has always remained Hindu.

The reason why such a fate was not meted out to Bali at the same time probably lies in the fact that Bali has but one harbor, not on the Java side, and her fighting men could keep invaders from landing. Furthermore the island, being self-contained, presented no need



Photo: Ewing Gallowsay, N. Y.



Carrying burdens on their heads gives to Balinese maidens a graceful carriage, and the beauty of brown creates the illusion of bronze statues come to life. The upper part of their bodies is seldom clothed.

Elaborately ornamented shrines and temples abound in Bali. Many are in decay, for natives think there is no merit in rebuilding an old one. This Shrine of the Sacred Well honors a famous warrior. It consists of several small Hindu temples and the pool, visible at the right.



"... soon the sun-flecked highway presented a spectacle peculiar to Bali, a mile-long pageant of shapely maidens bearing towers of temple offerings on their heads. . . Many of these stand five or six feet high and are built up of heavy fruits, decorated cakes, and swaying flowers."

This Balinese youngster, returning from market, with empty baskets, is probably hurrying home to listen to the village orchestra.



Photos: Ewing Gallaway, N. Y.



The Dutch, who since 1908 have possessed Bali, have discouraged missionaries. Balinese are strongly attached to their own religion, and it is estimated that this tiny isle has some 100,000 temples. These rice workers have stopped before a field shrine to pray for an abundant crop.

for the Balinese to develop into a seafaring people.

But, however she managed it, we are thankful for the Bali of today but we fear for the Bali of tomorrow. The tourist has discovered her and is coming in increasing throngs. So if you would see Bali at her best, go now before the sight-seer has had a chance to spoil things; and if you do go, I beg of you to comply with the Dutch request, "Please do not tip while on the island."

THE Dutch have possessed the island of Bali since 1908 but so kindly and gentle is the guiding hand of this great colonizing nation that you get the impression that the Balinese are governing themselves. There are possibly one hundred or more Dutch officials in Bali but so careful are they to keep in the background that you rarely see one unless you search him out. And to prevent interference in the religion of the people, which seems so much a part of the Balinese, the Dutch have discouraged the establishment of foreign missions here. Perhaps nowhere else in Asia is the hand of a Western race laid so gently and so considerably on a native people.

One of Bali's chief attractions to the person from the other side of the world, far across the seas, is its unlikeness to every other land. It is the very realm of topsy-turvydom. In Bali, father stays home, does the housework, feeds and minds the baby. It is mother who goes out into the highways and byways, carrying on the business, which, by the way, she manages with remarkable shrewdness. It is mother, too, who handles all the money while father looks anxiously and expectantly up into her eyes as he begs a little money for a new dress—he just hasn't a thing to wear to the coming cock fight. And, perhaps, indulgent mama gives way for she likes to dress papa up right from his batik-covered head to the end of his gay sarong. She wears almost nothing at all—a square of cloth called a "kain," brought around the waist, the ends given a simple hurried twist.

Marriage consists of a three day elopement—a sort of trial marriage. Later, after the feasting and the registration of the marriage in the death temple (to insure the right of burial in the cemetery), the young wife sometimes finds, as our big helpmates do, that it costs too much to keep her newly acquired treasure in gambling money, for though he doesn't

spend his money on bridge as some wives do, he does maintain an equally wild interest in cock fighting and dice throwing. Frequently she talks a girl friend into the job of second wife to help in his support. The girl friend, knowing full well that she must share a man with some one, consents and another elopement takes place.

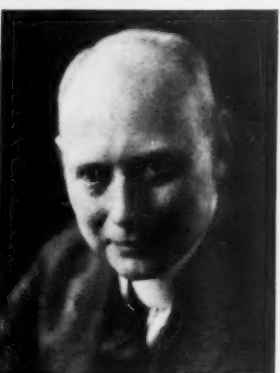
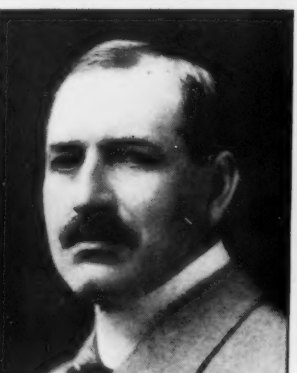
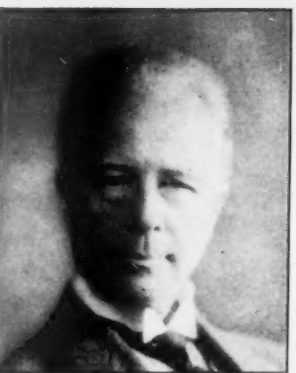
It has been said that there is one woman for every man in the world. The Balinese are more fortunate for there are at least two for him. Often, however, the man makes his own selection and this would be particularly the case among the men of prominence in a village. Girls do not marry before sixteen or eighteen, which is a mature age in the tropics, and within certain caste restrictions, they have freedom of choice.

The Balinese woman, handling the produce and controlling the finance, naturally has a man's work to do. Thus, we find her carrying to market heavy, bulky loads, ranging from [Continued on page 44]

Balinese are fond of monkeys, but taught them centuries ago, so they say, to keep out of rice fields. A tale is told of one young simian poacher who was chastized by his chattering elders.

Photo:
Ostrander from
Ewing Galloway,
N. Y.





New Officers of Rotary International

The first row (left to right)—
President: SYDNEY W. PASCALL,
London; 1st vice-president: ROBERT
E. HEUN, Richmond, Indiana;
2nd vice-president: ON. BIAGIO
BORRIELLO, Naples, Italy; 3rd vice-
president: JOHN NELSON, Montreal.

The second row (left to right)—
Directors: W. DE COCK BUNING,
The Hague, Netherlands; JOSEPH
W. JACKSON, Madison, Wisconsin;
MIGUEL ARROJADO LISBOA, Rio de
Janiero, Brazil; LUIS MACHADO,
Havana, Cuba.

The third row (left to right)—
Directors: SIR CHARLES A. MAN-
DER, Bart, Wolverhampton, Eng-
land; JOHANNES MARTENS, Oslo,
Norway; ABIT NIX, Athens,
Georgia; ALMON E. ROTH, Palo
Alto, California.

The fourth row (left to right)—
Directors: FREDERIC A. SHAFFER,
Globe, Arizona; WALTER WAL-
THALL, San Antonio, Texas; Treas-
urer, RUFUS F. CHAPIN, Chicago,
Illinois; Secretary, CHESLEY R.
PERRY, Chicago, Illinois.

An Adventure in Understanding

By Emerson Gause

More than 4,000 Rotarians and guests from 57 countries enjoy a crowded week of Rotary addresses by world figures and Viennese entertainment unfolding to each visitor a new vision of world fellowship.

THE Vienna convention brought together Rotarians from every corner of the world, making it far beyond the most widely representative of all Rotary conventions. It came at a time when economic conditions throughout Europe were unsettled and the political situation difficult. On the very eve of the convention a serious crisis threatened the Austrian cabinet. There were many distressing problems to be overcome and that the Viennese Rotarians solved them is a great tribute to both their patience and their tact.

The language question was one of considerable consequence to the success of the convention. Here were delegates from countries of a dozen different tongues. The Rotary Congress might easily become a Tower of Babel. Yet the difficulty was largely, if not entirely, solved, and one heard very little complaint. Signs were posted everywhere in at least three languages. The principal speeches were available in English, French, and German. And one could always find an interpreter.

Here in one of the world's great capitals, rich in art and culture and tradition, Rotarians found a hearty and friendly welcome and if there were some few inconveniences, the heart of the city made its warmth so strongly felt that one forgot his small grievances, real or imaginary.

A National Virtue

The first plenary session was truly an auspicious beginning to a program notable for its outstanding addresses and the high quality of its entertainment. If there were those inclined to discount the internationalism of Rotary, they were soon disillusioned. First on the program at this session were four addresses of welcome given by the president of Austria, the chancellor, the burgomaster, and the president of the Vienna Rotary Club. Each spoke in German, his native tongue. President Roth, in responding, said the convention was perhaps the most unique gathering ever to enjoy the hospitality of Vienna. Here were men from every walk of life, from sixty countries, brought together not for material gain



The "House of Friendship," a luxuriously furnished lounge and beautiful art gallery, one of Vienna's contributions to world fellowship.

but to counsel with each other. And they were assembled in a country, he said, where friendliness is a national virtue. Of this visitors were to learn more before the convention had closed.

Sydney W. Pascall was unanimously elected president of Rotary International at the opening session. As he had no opposition, there was a motion that the rule be suspended and the Secretary cast the unanimous ballot. In due time the Secretary reported he had done so, striking the huge gong near the speakers' table to make the action official. The audience arose and cheered. President-elect Pascall responded briefly in English, French, and German expressing his appreciation for the delegates' faith in him and their belief in his desire to further the great cause of international peace and understanding for which Rotary stood.

Vienna's Welcome

The Vienna convention will be remembered long for the superb quality of its entertainment. Rotarians had been led to expect great things. A suggestion or two had been given in these columns,

before the convention, in regard to plans for an unusual program of entertainment. Vienna exceeded her promises a thousand-fold.

On Monday night came the first hint of the great musical program that was to follow during the week. For this first event, the official program modestly announced, "Vienna's Welcome to World Rotary." What a welcome! Imagine a starlit night in a beautiful private park of a former imperial castle. A great open-air stage in the brilliant glow of a hundred flood lights. The Vienna Symphony Orchestra playing a program of music by Haydn, Schubert, and Strauss. The story of the romance of Franz Schubert presented through the medium of interpretative dancing by two members of the Vienna State Opera. "An der Schönen Blauen Donau" (The Blue Danube) presented by the ballet from the State Opera accompanied by the immortal melody of the famous waltz written by one of the greatest of all composers of dance music.

Those who were a part of that privileged audience could count themselves

fortunate indeed, for they were standing on hallowed ground. It was this very spot that nearly one hundred years earlier had been the scene of Johann Strauss' most memorable successes.

There were many other notable musical events during the week of which mention is made elsewhere. Everywhere one found that nothing apparently had been left undone which would add to the visitors' pleasure. State and city government and Rotary Club cooperated in a manner that made convention history. The Ministry of Education issued free tickets to all museums, galleries, and collections belonging to the Austrian Republic. The Austrian Government was host at a reception given in honor of President Roth and the officials of Rotary International. All apartments of the imperial palaces were open and four thousand Rotarians and their ladies enjoyed a rare evening of music and dancing.

Disarmament

At the first plenary session of the convention, a tall, slightly stooped, bald, distinguished-looking speaker was introduced. His white cuffs extended slightly below the sleeves of his coat. He spoke in a husky voice. At the mention of his

name the audience stood and cheered. It was a splendid tribute to a man who has been active in world affairs for two-score years. The speaker was Viscount Cecil of Chelwood. He is not a phrase-maker. What he said appealed less to the emotions, more to the brain.

Lord Cecil spoke on "Disarmament" with special reference to the disarmament conference to be held next year. He held that if we could transfer the labor and capital now employed in making armaments to some more productive field, everyone, including in the end those who are now armament manufacturers, would be better off. He pointed out that as the disarmament conference approaches those who see their present gains threatened by disarmament, will become more and more active in their opposition. In each nation, he said, nationalistic passions and prejudices will be excited. Under a thousand disguises some of the best and some of the worst elements in human nature will be embattled against peace and from certain organs of public opinion a constant stream of international poison gas will be poured forth.

Applause greeted his reference to President Hoover's proposal of a one-year's suspension of debt payments and the recent statement by the chief executive

of the United States to the effect "that international confidence cannot be built upon fear, but must be built upon goodwill. That the whole history of the world is filled with chapter after chapter of the failure to secure peace through either competitive armament or intimidation."

Viscount Cecil sketched the scope and progress of the League of Nations and pointed out the necessity for international cooperation in the reduction of armaments. "I do not think we should be satisfied," the speaker concluded, "with less than a 25 per cent reduction in the cost of world armaments. And it is almost equally important that the principle of international equality in armaments should be recognized. We are engaged in a strictly realistic task of enormous difficulty."

Largest Wheel

Those who have been inclined to underrate the value of Rotary community service in Europe and who heard the words uttered by Joseph Imre, of Budapest, at the Community Service "clinic," gained new respect for what is being accomplished. At Pecs, a small town in southern Hungary with a club not quite three years old, and twenty-seven members, a gold medal is given each year to

Four thousand Rotarians and their ladies were guests at a reception given by His Excellency, Wilhelm Miklas, president of Austria, at the Hofburg, former imperial palace.



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The Rathaus (Town Hall) in fairy-like garb, one of hundreds of public and private buildings around the two-mile circumference of the "Ringstrasse," illuminated in honor of convention visitors.

Photo: Wide World

the citizen who renders the most distinguished service to his fellow-citizens. The Rotary club has sponsored a move toward the abolition of mendicancy, and another project that will provide a summer home for poor children. Here 400

children are already being benefited yearly. International intercity meetings have been held both with Austrian and Yugoslavian clubs.

The twenty-fifth anniversary of Rotary was fittingly celebrated, this small-town

club completing what is probably the largest and most unique Rotary wheel. It consists of a beautiful path around the top of a mountain, three miles in circumference, at an altitude of 1800 feet. The view is wonderfully attractive from almost any spot. At various points benches have been placed, on each of which has been painted one of Rotary's six objects. The Rotarians have not only given their fellow-citizens a beautiful road but at the same time something to think about.

Neighbors

His Excellency, Wilhelm Miklas, president of Austria, in his opening words of welcome to the convention, asked all Rotarians to consider Austria as their "neighbor"—one who needs your immediate assistance. "Help us," he said, "by being heralds to awaken the outside world to Austria's character and soul, her position as an essential economic factor in the polity of nations, and her high appointed rôle in the culture and peace of mankind."

Duluth to Vienna

The Vienna convention was a striking demonstration of the growth of Rotary throughout the world during the last two decades. In 1912, as President Almon E. Roth pointed out in his address at the opening session, Rotary held its first *international* convention at Duluth, Minnesota, on the North American continent. Rotary then consisted of fifty clubs in three countries—Canada, the United States, and England.

"In the interim between the Duluth and Vienna conventions," said President Roth, "Rotary has grown from 50 to more than 3,400 clubs, from 5,000 members to 157,000 members throughout some 67 countries of the world. Probably no organization in the history of human institutions has achieved such tremendous growth in so short a period. Think of it! Around the world and functioning in the majority of civilized countries in 19 years . . . a world-wide organization embracing 67 countries and comprised of men of many races, languages, professions, and religious beliefs. . . ."

Fifty-seven countries were represented in person at the convention. Credited with the largest representation (exclusive of Austria, the United States, and the British Isles) was Czechoslovakia with an attendance of 266 Rotarians and guests. Germany was a close second with 202. The registration from the United States was 1,522; Britain and Ireland, 613; Austria (including Vienna), 409. Other countries largely represented



Photo: Wide World

The Austrian government bestowed Medals of Honor upon President Almon E. Roth and four others: Otto Böhler, chairman, Host Club Executive Committee; M. Eugene Newsom, past president; Chesley R. Perry, secretary; and Howard F. Feighner, convention manager.

were France with a registration of 172; Italy with 137; Switzerland, 183; Canada, 110; Yugoslavia, 95; Netherlands, 71; Hungary, 43; Roumania, 36.

The principal languages used from the platform were English, French, and German with a few talks delivered in Italian and Spanish. It was apparent that differences in language present a serious barrier to the complete success of such a convention. Esperanto came in for a great amount of discussion culminating in a demonstration at the closing session by three Rotarians and a Boy Scout, each speaking a different language in addition to Esperanto. If not exactly convincing, the "stunt" had the merit of providing an entertaining interlude to the serious business.

At an earlier session, the convention adopted a resolution requesting the International Service Committee "to investigate what universal auxiliary language was the most practical and to

Fanfares by the trumpeters from the State Opera gave a dramatic touch to the opening and closing of the convention.

further investigate the most effective course by which Rotary International could best proceed to effect the teaching of such language in all schools and colleges."

Tariff Walls

One of the high points of the convention came at the concluding session when Edward A. Filene, American merchant, spoke on "World Prosperity and Standards of Living." The speaker discussed the manner in which mass production has changed world standards of living and pointed out that unethical competition is bad for all business.

"If our competitors do business badly," he said, "we may imagine that this gives us a better chance. We might as well believe that our fire risk will be lessened if our next-door neighbors are in constant danger of burning down.

"All bad business is bad for all business," he continued. "Shady methods of competition reduce the buying power of the public and only when the public has adequate buying power can business generally be prosperous."

High tariff walls as a barrier to international trade came in for a great deal of discussion. One soon discovered that this question is uppermost in the minds of European Rotarians, especially those who live in countries which are producing goods greater in quantity than required

for home consumption. Discussing tariff, Mr. Filene said that in his opinion a solution would be found as soon as we abandon our traditional thinking on both sides of the water and start to measure the facts in the light of the money that the consumer has to spend. "It could result only in world calamity to tear those tariff walls down in any emotional outburst," he said, "but we will take them down brick by brick just as soon as we see clearly just what international business is, and that it derives its greatest total profits through serving the consumer instead of through making it more difficult for him to get those things which he requires. The only good business is the business of supplying human wants in the most economical and in the most abundant way in which they can be supplied."

"The whole world is stricken today," the speaker continued. "Poverty and unemployment are raging and the social order is threatened, not because anybody wants it so and not because we do not know what the masses need nor how to produce it and not even because it does not pay to fill those needs, for the greatest total profits can be achieved only by doing so—but because we have not yet translated our faith and knowledge into action and organized ourselves to raise



Photo: Wide World



Photo: Wide World

President-elect Sydney W. Pascall
—“He responded in English,
French, and German.”

the standard of living according to the dictates of business sense and the ideals of Rotary.

“If business must be organized for service, none of us can shirk his responsibility. We cannot violate the eternal law and escape the penalty. If we neglect to organize our own immediate businesses for the most service which they can give, and if we do not do our share in organizing business generally upon the principle of the greatest possible service to the greatest possible number of people, we may find ourselves once more in a war which nobody wants and which only such an organization of business could prevent. The principles to which I have been calling attention are not merely the principles of our most successful industries. They are the principles of success in this machine civilization and none of us, whether he is connected with some great corporation or not, can afford to ignore them.”

“Lehar! Lehar!”

Within the experience of everyone are certain events which are charged with emotional dynamite. Rich is he who has many such memories; poor indeed are those whom life has not so touched. Rotarians who were present at the Theater an der Wien on the occasion of the Rotary gala performance of “The Merry Widow” registering its twenty-fifth anniversary, witnessed an event that carried many thrills. Rotarian Franz Lehar conducted the brilliant performance. In the intermission between the second and third acts, a life-size bust of Lehar modelled by the Viennese sculptor, Petrucci, was unveiled on the stage. It will have a place in the Hall of Fame of the Theater an der Wien, along with Haydn and Beethoven and Strauss and Schubert and all that honored company. This ceremonial marked both the close of the Viennese Musical Festival and the opening of the Rotary convention.

The performance was a musical event of considerable note; to Rotarians it was also an event stirred with the dramatic. The upper galleries had been reserved for Viennese school children with marked musical ability and one watched them with fascination. Their frenzied applause and delirious cries of “Lehar! Lehar! Lehar!” during the numerous encores, explained one of the reasons for Vienna’s reputation as a city where music is an important part of the daily life—second to no other one thing.

“Gemütlichkeit”

And after the concluding act of “The Merry Widow” had been encored and encored to the extent of twenty curtain calls (when the writer stopped counting), there was a general exodus to the famous “Heurigen” wine-gardens in Grinzing where Viennese music and song and wine and “Gemütlichkeit” were assimilated and imbibed until the first faint streaks of dawn. Here was another side of Vienna—a gaiety, a friendly comradeship in an atmosphere of cordiality that was distinctly Viennese.

Board Increased

With the adoption of the resolution to further internationalize the Board of Rotary International, the Board membership was increased from twelve to fourteen. Thus are added two more directors from countries other than the United States. Accordingly of the fourteen members, six come from the United States, one from Canada, and seven from other countries,

headed by the newly elected president who hails from England.

Although the district set-up was not changed this year, yet, we find the districts as now organized reflecting also the international character of Rotary. There is a total of seventy-six districts presided over by an equal number of governors. Forty-eight governors represent U. S. A. districts, leaving twenty-eight other districts presided over by an equal number of governors, including five from Canada.

Taking the committee set-up as reflected by the nine chairmen so far appointed by President Pascall, five come from the United States, two from England, one from Mexico, and one from Canada.

Confidence

The thoughtful, conspicuous presiding of President “Al” Roth was commented

Hubert Marischka, director,
Theater an der Wien, con-
gratulates Franz Lehar (left).

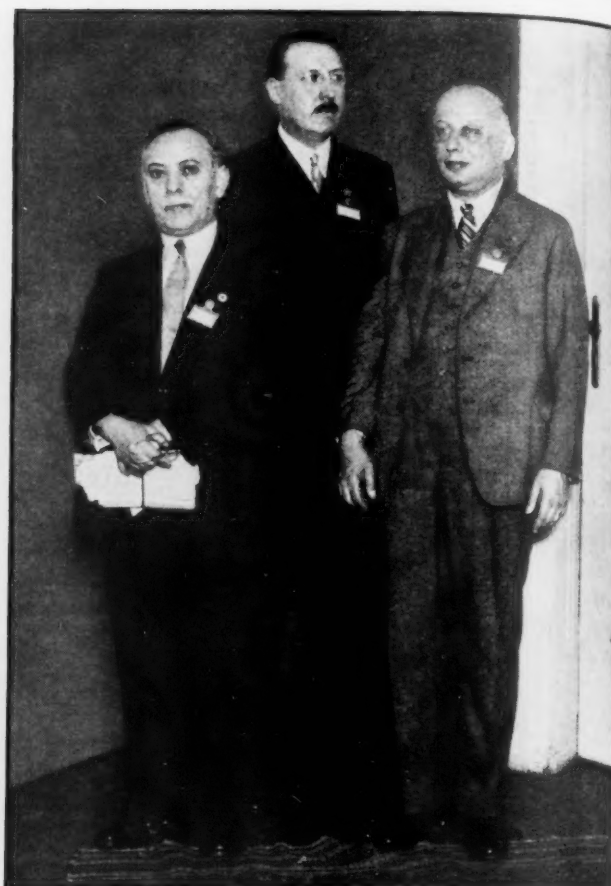
Photo: Fayer, Vienna





Photos: Wide World

Otto Böhler (left) presents a silk Rotary flag to the president of Rotary International, a gift from the Vienna Rotary Club.



Left to Right—Dr. Jur. Arnhold, Dresden, Georges Warnier, Paris, and J. D. Applebaum, Liverpool, who demonstrated value of Esperanto.

upon by everyone. His introductions were pleasingly brief, but left nothing unsaid; his patience with the few who exceeded their allotment of time was only exceeded by his tactful endeavor to curtail.

His closing remarks were greeted with great applause. He believed sincerely, he said, that through the convention those present had made a real contribution to international understanding and goodwill. "I face this audience with mixed emotions," he continued. "The two things that stand uppermost in my mind are, first, that of gratitude, and, second, that of confidence. Never before have we appreciated as we have during this week the privilege and honor of membership in Rotary. I doubt whether it would have been possible for any president of Rotary International to have enjoyed a more harmonious year than your president has enjoyed and for that I am deeply grateful."

Europe's Dangers

One heard on every hand the appeal for closer coöperation. It recurred over and over again in the convention addresses; one heard it repeated in chance

conversations on street corners. Count Coudenhove-Kalergi, founder of the Pan-Europa movement, who addressed the convention on "International Coöperation," referred to the necessity for peaceful intercourse between nations when he said: "The union of Europe has become essential, for only by this means can Europe combat the three dangers which threaten her existence: a new war, general misery, and Bolshevism. The three," he said, "are intimately related."

The speaker's suggestion for a new European policy was widely discussed by

ON page five is printed a message to Rotarians from President-elect Sydney W. Pascall. We explained to Rotary's new president that Rotarians everywhere would be interested in having a message from him. We asked him if he would not set down some of his conclusions as a result of the Vienna congress for the August number of THE ROTARIAN. That we are able to present this feature in this number is due entirely to President Pascall's coöperation in writing this message while traveling on the train from Vienna to London.—Editor.

delegates and in the press. He stated that the present policy is heading for a new war in which no nation can remain neutral; which will involve the annihilation of the vanquished and deadly wounds to the victors. The anti-economic system of European customs treaties which artificially intensify the differences between national interests, is the chief cause of the desolate economic situation of the European nations and the misery of the European peoples.

Europe, he said, could considerably improve the standard of living of its population by following the example of the United States and eliminating internal customs in order to create a vast inland market for the 300,000,000 European consumers. "Only by such methods," he concluded, "can Europe escape misery and raise the general standard of life, preparing the road to international prosperity."

A Worthy Goal

Dr. L. P. Jacks, of Oxford, clearly defined the issue in a recent article when he pointed out that coöperation among human beings is a very difficult affair. "It doesn't come by whistling for it or sing-

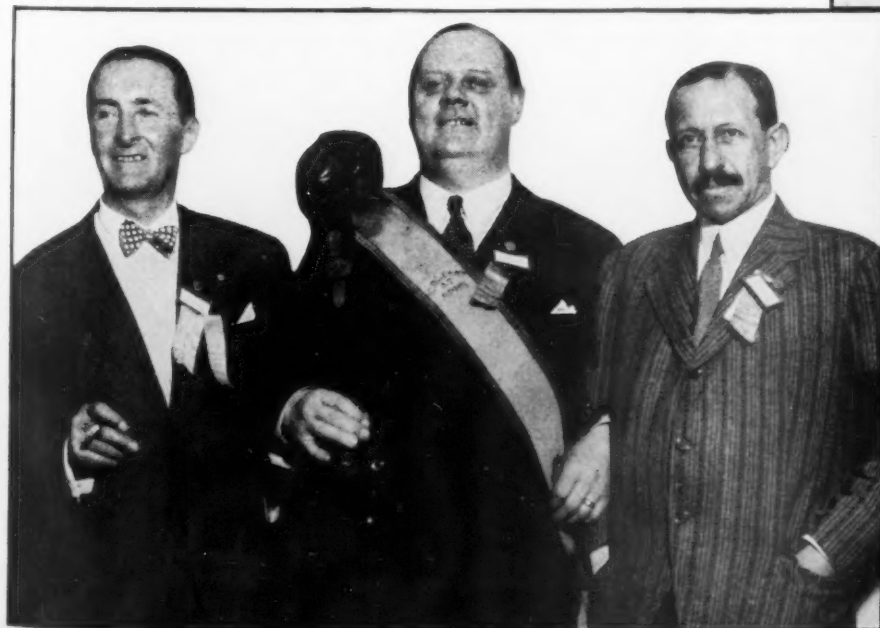


Viscount Cecil of Chelwood—
"We are engaged in a realistic
task of great difficulty."

ing its praises," he said. "We have to be trained for it, and the training is a long one. A good coöperator is really a great artist—perhaps the greatest artist in the world. And the art of international co-operation is a fine art—the art of war converted into the finer art of peace."

And to his question: "How are we to breed coöperators—not a few specimens, not in small groups, but on a scale big enough to guide mankind?" the Rotary three-way solution might be offered as one method deserving of consideration,

Photo: Wide World



viz., friendly personal contact leading from acquaintance to fellowship to friendship. It can be done and is being done. I have seen it at work at Vienna and upon numerous occasions during the weeks immediately following.

I saw it demonstrated within the narrow confines of a railway compartment while travelling from Berlin to Paris. There were six of us—two Germans, a Pole and his wife, a Frenchman, and an American. At the French border, two customs officials proceeded to make things unpleasant by an inspection that was not only thorough but devastating in its effect upon both luggage and travellers. The two Germans and the Polish couple suffered most. Here was the officious hand of Government extended inhospitably—offensively—to a small group of travellers whose business or pleasure chanced to take them to a country other than their own. But it was also the French Rotarian who made peace. He apologized. He tried to make amends for the discourtesy—and succeeded for when he departed from the group, an atmosphere of hostility had been replaced by one of friendliness.

The chief obstacles to a friendly solution of national differences are psychological. Herein governments notoriously fail. The tortuous path of official routine still exists and the cold formality of political conferences continues to persist, and all are in marked contrast to the psychology of the relationships of men, socially and in business. Will world-wide fellowship and understanding brought about through personal contact be able eventually to change the

cold and cautious technique of statecraft?

The Vienna convention, I submit, provided an answer that offers possibilities of a practical solution: countless contacts through the medium of travel made possible by organizations such as Rotary—a friendly understanding of international differences—a breed of coöperators on a scale big enough to make their imprint felt.

Herein lies the lesson of the Vienna convention.

It is a goal worthy of every Rotarian's best endeavor.

It provides the opportunity for a glorious adventure in international understanding.

It is both a challenge and a responsibility that will not be without their appeal to Rotarians.



Photo: Wide World

"The convention song
leader in action"—Walter
Jenkins, of Houston, Texas,
U. S. A.

Douglas Spain (center) of Folkestone, England, convention sergeant-at-arms, and his two stalwart assistants—Percy Faber (left) and Hans Sobotka, both of Vienna.

MASTER ARTHUR ROBERTS, seven-year old youngster of Tucson, Ariz., because his well delivered speech, "What I Expect of My Dad," so impressed local Rotarians, he was asked to repeat it at two district conferences.

DR. EDWIN H. BRADLEY (top right), faithful member of the Rotary Club of Peoria, Ill., who for more than eighteen years has maintained a perfect Rotary attendance record.



Photo: Al Buchman

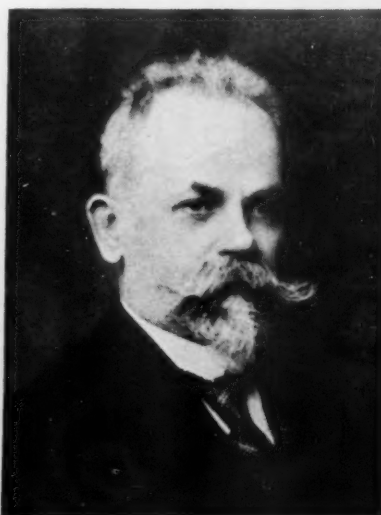
This Month We Honor—

SIGMUND ROMBERG (right), new member of the New York Rotary Club, because wherever operettas are sung, you will find his compositions known—"Maytime," "Student Prince," "Blossom Time," "New Moon," and others.

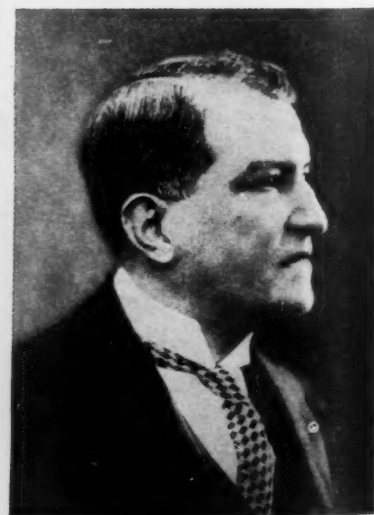


Photo: Apeba

KAREL RYSKA (lower left), Rotarian, who, as dean and rector of the Technical University of Brno, Czechoslovakia, has attained distinction as a research scientist of international significance.



JEAN-LOUIS PÉTAVY (lower right), of Paris, because his long list of achievements range from Rotary to public health and business. He is *administrateur-délégué directeur* of the Dunlop tire interests in France, and a commander of the Legion of Honor.



DR. RAYMOND VICTOR HARRIS (right), because he is a charter member of the Savannah, Ga., Rotary Club; because, since a laboratory accident in 1927 destroyed his eyesight, he has devoted his life to training the blind; because in **TARTAR**, his dog, he has a loyal friend and a faithful guide.

THESE SIX, because of unusual Rotary records, to wit: (top row, left to right) **R. E. LEONARD**, St. Paul, Minn., has served his club as secretary since 1915 and without missing a meeting; **A. B. HARRINGTON**, Starkville, Miss., perfect attendance since 1924; **EDW. F. FLYNN**, St. Paul, Minn., has, since joining Rotary in 1923, visited 517 clubs in four different countries, talked to 365, attended fifteen conferences, five international assemblies, one international convention; and (lower row) **JOHN GRAVELOT**, Chicago Heights, Ill., a spotless attendance record for nine years; **EDWARD T. KEARNEY**, Sioux City, Ia., charter member, "father" of Sioux City's "sunshine" and boys' work activities; **CHARLES G. GOLDSTEIN**, Geneva, N. Y., seven years' perfect attendance.



Photo: Foltz



Photo: Alders



Photo: Genelli



The ROTARIAN

Published Monthly by

ROTARY INTERNATIONAL

211 West Wacker Drive, Chicago, Illinois, U. S. A.

Editorial Comment

Influences at Work

THE Vienna convention has passed into history. The program of addresses and entertainment exceeded all expectations. The Rotary harvest growing out of five days of frank discussion will be a definite contribution to the movement. And perhaps of still greater importance were the thousands of personal contacts during the weeks which followed the Vienna meeting.

Vienna provided a common ground where men of many countries assembled and where the fellowship of Rotary made for a more thorough, congenial understanding of the aspirations as well as the problems of all. Through the medium of correspondence there can be a meeting of minds; but it is only by personal contact, such as the convention afforded, that there can be a meeting of both mind and heart.

This shuffling-up process which results in a thorough mixture of human beings, can have but one result. Old antagonisms and prejudices are removed for all time. Men from Canada and Mexico and Guatemala discussed matters of Rotary policy with men from Belgian Congo and Morocco and Southern Rhodesia. Afterward face to face at the dinner table they talked about home and family and business. From such friendly intercourse springs that brand of internationalism which causes men to love their own homelands so truly that they will insist upon fair play and justice being the motif of their business and political relations with other countries. And after all, this is the greatest practical result of an international convention.

As Rotarians travelled about Europe they perceived the need for clear, sane thinking for the public good. Our rotating Rotarian, if he was a careful observer, saw many influences at work calculated to cause disturbances in the business and political world. He found many who were quick to criticize, but doing very little thinking upon methods of extricating

themselves from their difficulties. On the other hand he also found high-minded men at work in an endeavor to find the solution to economic and social questions, men not hidebound by tradition and prejudice.

One found a great need everywhere for international collaboration, politically and industrially. The great crime of our present-day, civilized world is that we submit to war and use our civilization to the end that war be more terrible. The substitution of pacts and treaties for costly armaments is a step in the right direction and in this Rotary International made its position unmistakably clear in "favoring every possible step being taken by governments to insure that the forthcoming disarmament conference shall succeed in bringing about a substantial reduction in the armaments of the world."

Rotary completed its first quarter century at the Chicago convention last year. In that brief period Rotary travelled "a hundred roads" leading to the far corners of the world. At Vienna, Rotary began its second quarter century. It was an auspicious beginning that will carry the organization far in the realization of its objectives.

The Assembly

WHEN seventy successful business and professional men journey thousands of miles to a conference designed to discuss Rotary club problems and the application of higher ethics in business; when they sacrifice weeks of valuable time from their offices without monetary reward;—one may safely conclude that men still retain faith in the age-old verities of life as applied to our present-day afflictions.

Such a group was the International Assembly of district governors and general officers held at Semmering, near Vienna, during the week prior to the convention.

Rotary club administrative problems were frankly

considered and questions of Rotary policy freely aired. Rotary's place in International Service was outlined and a program considered. The meeting had the character of an "open forum" and the international phases of Rotary drew much discussion. One heard recurring again and again expressions such as "There is far more to learn in other lands than there is to laugh at"; "No one country has a monopoly of greatness"; "Of all virtues, humility is the greatest"; "The greatest sin in a Rotary club is the sin of ignorance."

While the assembly was in session, several hundred miles distant at Stuttgart, Germany, one hundred French Rotarians were being entertained by German Rotarians at an inter-city meeting. The district governor from Germany, Geheimrat Otto Fischer, read a telegram of greeting from the group at Stuttgart. And then came the dramatic moment of the assembly when M. Maurice Duperrey, of Paris, member of the Club Service Committee, walked across the floor, clasped the German's outstretched hand and pledged to him his willingness to discuss their common problems and to work hand in hand in bringing about a solution of their difficulties.

Such was the friendly atmosphere of this assembly, of which no one can tabulate the results. It was a distinct and outstanding contribution to Rotary practice and procedure—a successful endeavor to reach a solution of many of Rotary's future as well as immediate problems.

Surveyitis

ADD to the list of new ills *surveyitis*!

Grandfather didn't know it existed, and neither did father. But we of the generation of tinted bathtubs and miniature golf courses know it well. Or we would, were our eyes opened to it.

Surveyitis starts with an alarm over an unsatisfactory situation—be it the failing demand for hairpins or the growing juvenile delinquency. We, who are most concerned, stoke our boilers of indignation and the pressure goes up. We even interrupt bridge games to talk about the necessity of doing something.

We are in earnest, so deadly in earnest that we are promptly and immensely relieved when directors, officials, or legislators take over our problem and order an investigation. And that is the first symptom of the malaise. We draw back as the "experts" wheel into action.

Now, experts take time to make surveys, and here appears the second symptom. We let them, our hired brains, carry on for us. It really is difficult to fasten

our attention to one thing very long, especially when it does not concern us personally to a vital degree.

The crisis of the disease is reached when the survey is spread before us. It is overwhelming. We give it half-hearted attention, for somehow we have lost that first fine rapture of righteous indignation. It is hard to get angry again, and warmed-over passion is never very convincing.

So the survey finds its way to shelves or files—and things keep going on just as before. And the cycle of this most modern of maladies runs its course. Such is surveyitis.

What is the cure? Certainly not just fewer surveys, but, perhaps, fewer *foolish* surveys. It takes trained intelligence to make a competent investigation and quenchless perseverance to translate the findings into a constructive program. Unless a survey issues in a positive attitude, pro or con, it is sterile and impotent; it is a squandering of money, time and priceless enthusiasm.

Horse Sense!

EVERY time a newspaper reader encounters the daily record of the havoc wrought by speeding automobiles when they run amuck on crowded streets, the phrase "horse sense" takes on a new significance. The horse which prompted the coining of the words may be a vanishing quadruped—in time, a museum piece—but the qualities it exhibited in the phaeton era of American life are still worth emulating. As some funster facetiously remarks: "Horse sense is always sure to result in a stable government."

The old reliable horse never took a chance with busy traffic, but slowed down to allow vehicles to pass. The horse keeps to his side of the road, and attends strictly to its business, the hauling of a wagon or buggy to the destination without mishap. Perhaps the horse's slow progress is not keyed to the *tempo* of our hurrying days, but safety is the sure reward of a plodding gait, and the occupants of the vehicle thus have a better chance to see the scenery and say "good morning" to pedestrians.

To have "horse sense" is to watch where one is going, to stay out of get-rich-quick speculations, to be abstemious in eating, to go to bed at reasonable hours, to say "neigh" to many golden-voiced invitations to desert the high road for devious by-paths leading to disillusionment and disaster.

Even though the modern man may ride in a high-powered automobile and prefer all the high-g geared mechanism of civilization, he will probably do well to hold fast to some of those old-fashioned virtues of foresight, caution, serenity, and concentration to be found in the words "horse sense."

Eighty-five district governors and general officers of Rotary International participated in an international assembly at Semmering, Austria, for four days during the week prior to the convention at Vienna. The meeting was significant in that twenty-five countries were represented, more than at any previous assembly, and a larger representation of districts than at any time heretofore. Questions of Rotary club policy and administration were considered.



Rotary Around the World

Many minds meet in Rotary, and these pages reflect something of their diversified interests. Program chairmen will find this department to be studded with stimulating ideas for enlivening club meetings.

Peru

Study Economic Conditions

MOQUEGUA—Members of the Moquegua Rotary Club are making a thorough study of present economic conditions and the possibilities for future industrial development in their district.

Spain

Seek Home for Author

LA CORUNA—To purchase a modest country home for the celebrated writer, Wenceslao Fernández Florez, Rotarians of La Coruna are campaigning for the necessary funds.

Roadside Signs

LOGRONO—Logrono Rotarians have placed neat and artistic road signs at the six points of entry to their city indicating the time and place of their weekly Rotary meeting.

Canada

Supplies Speakers, Jobs

MONTREAL—Each week the Montreal Rotary Club supplies a speaker for the chapel service at the Shawbridge Boys' Farm and Training School. And when the boys graduate, the Rotarians help place them in suitable positions.

Celebrates Dominion Day

CALGARY—To celebrate Dominion Day, the Calgary Rotary Club lunched with the Board of Trade, the Canadian Club, and other Calgary service clubs. The Hon. Mr. Justice McGillivray spoke on "Confederation."

Wins Cup Fourth Time

FREDERICTON—For the fourth time the Smythe Street School has retained the Rotary cup offered annually by Fredericton Rotarians to the school excelling in track and field sports.

Austria

Rotary Charity

SALZBURG—Among the charity donations made by this club during the last few months were 300 schillings (\$42.20) to the widow of a murdered hunter, 100 schillings (\$14.00) to two needy families, and 500 schillings (\$70.35) to a fund established for feeding unemployed of the city.

Italy

Agriculture . . . Scholarship

BERGAMO—The Bergamo Rotary Club has offered a gold medal as a prize for the finest corn raised in the district and has donated a collection of valuable old manuscripts to the civic library.

For Seaplane Safety

COMO—Rotarians of Como have given 10,000 lire (\$500.00) toward the institution of proper landing facilities for seaplanes on Lake Como.

Aids Aviation School

GENOA—To commemorate the valor of Italian aviators, the Rotary Club of Genoa has donated 5,000 lire (\$250.00) to the local school of aviation.

Provides Book Fund

CUNEO—In view of the success of the library which it established four years ago, the Cuneo Rotary Club has decided annually to give the library 1,000 lire (\$50.00), and to create a fund of 5,000 lire (\$250.00) for the establishment of a travelling library in the Varaita valley.

Help Doctor-To-Be

TRIESTE—Trieste Rotarians have decided to establish a fund which will enable a young medical student to attend the courses at the Institute of Physiology of Turin University.

Hungary

A Service Record

PECS—The energetic Pecs Rotary Club maintains a summer camp for undernourished children, awards a gold medal annually to the individual rendering the greatest civic service, and directs community charity so successfully that street begging has been eliminated.

Mexico

Broadcast Convention

MORELIA—To publicize the events of the Vienna convention in Mexico, the Morelia Rotary Club arranged with the XEL radio station to broadcast the convention activities and programs.

Vera Cruz Clubs Meet

JALAPA—All Rotary clubs in the state of Vera Cruz together with those of Tuxtepec and Tezuitlan held an intercity meeting in Jalapa.

Belgium

Sixth Object At Work

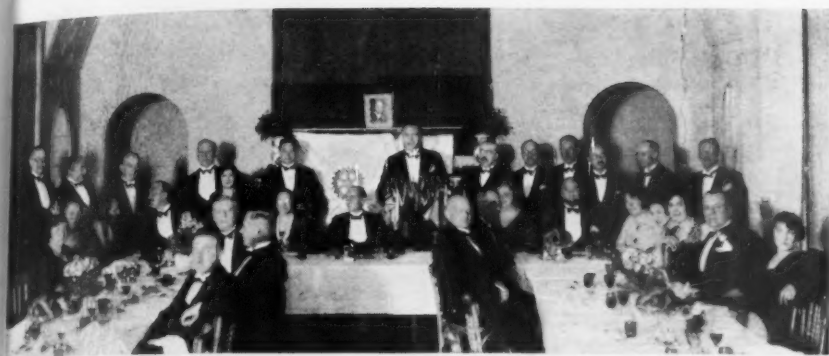
BRUSSELS—Twenty-five members of the Brussels Rotary Club recently journeyed to Aachen, Germany, for the purpose of bringing together in a friendly way Belgian and German Rotarians.

Send Children to Sea

DU CENTRE—Rotarians of Du Centre are paying expenses of ten poor children at the seaside for a month's holiday.

Channel Fellowship

GHEENT—Twenty-five members of the Gillingham, England, Rotary Club spent several days as guests of Ghent Rotarians. The visitors were also entertained by the Rotarians of Bruges, Brussels, and Ostende.



Rotary started auspiciously at Brasov, Rumania. Those present included M. B. Gerbel, of Vienna; and Christian Pennescu-Kertsch, president of the Bucharest club.

Guatemala

\$570 For Quake Relief

QUEZALTENANGO—In spite of the difficult economic situation throughout their country, Rotarians of Quezaltenango raised by popular subscription \$570.00 for the benefit of the earthquake victims at Managua.

Cuba

Radio Inter-City Meeting

HAVANA—Rotarians of Havana and Cienfuegos recently held a joint meeting through the medium of the radio.

Estonia

Aids "Y" Delegate

TALLINN—The Tallinn Rotary Club is helping to send a boy delegate to the world conference of the Young Men's Christian Association in Toronto, Canada and Cleveland, Ohio.

France

Endow Cité Room

At the Forty-ninth District conference French Rotarians decided to endow a French Rotary room in a new house which is being built at the Cité Universitaire, international student housing center in Paris. This meant the voting of 50,000 francs (\$1,950.00) to be paid in five annuities of 10,000 francs (\$390.00) each. The room thus established is to be occupied by a student selected by the governor of the Forty-ninth District.

Australia

Picnic for Seventy

LAUNCESTON—Launceston Rotarians recently took seventy poor children to the Evandale picnic grounds and entertained them with games and refreshments.

Would Revise Histories

IPSWICH—Rotarian P. Casey during a discussion at the Brisbane conference suggested that one of the ways of eliminating warfare would be to revise history as taught in the schools. Plastic minds of children, he said, are biased by

the emphasis given to the glorification, heroic exploits, victories, and triumphs of war.

Coördinates Relief

GOULBURN—At the suggestion of the Rotary Club of Goulburn, all charitable efforts of the city were coördinated in a Goulburn Relief Council for remedying unemployment conditions.

Uruguay

President is Rotarian

MONTEVIDEO—Gabriel Terra was recently admitted to membership in the Montevideo Rotary Club under the classification of "president of the republic."

Germany

Princes are Guests

MUNICH—H. R. H. Prince Sigvard, of Sweden, and H. R. H. Prince Ludwig von Hessen, who are studying art in Munich, were recent guests of honor of the local Rotary club.

Finland

Greetings to Secretariat

HELSINGFORS—Rotarians of Estonia and Finland recently gathered at Helsingfors for their first interstate meeting at which time they sent loyal greetings to the Rotary International headquarters at Chicago.

Switzerland

"My Thun"

THUN—Copies of an artistic book, "My Thun," published by the local painter Engel, are being purchased by the Thun Rotary Club to be given to visitors.

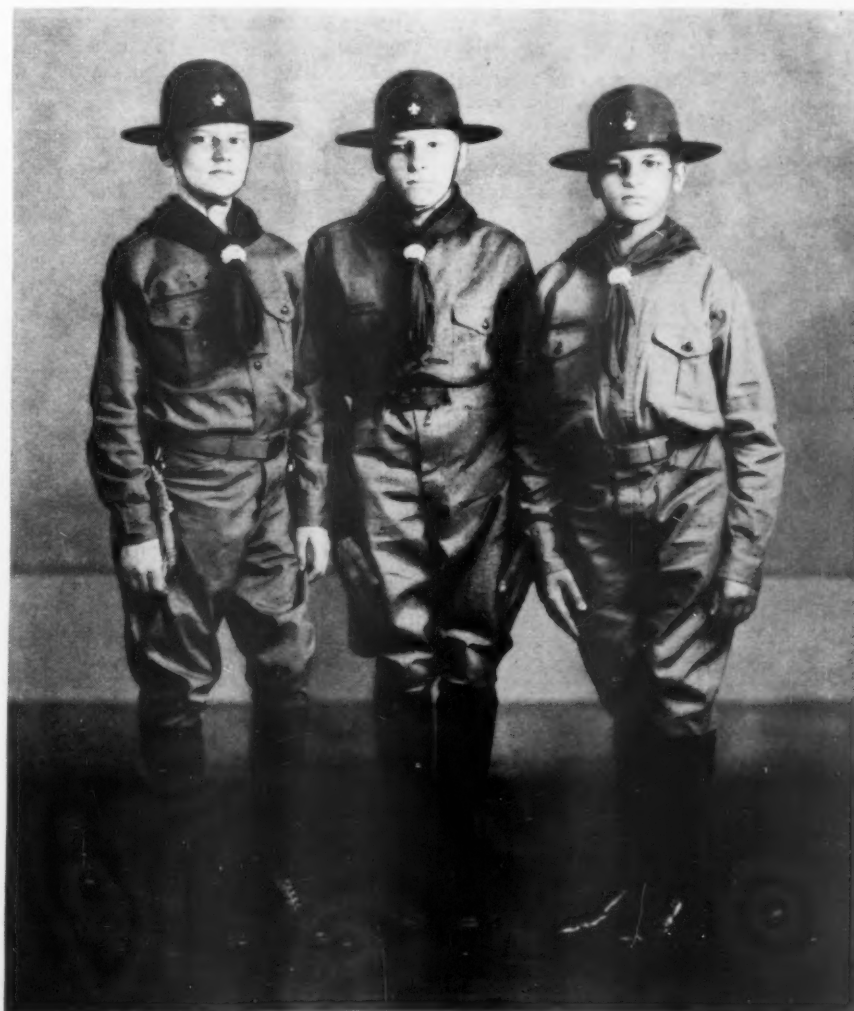
To Fête Rotarians' Sons

LUZERN—Luzern Rotarians, together with their sons and daughters, are preparing to entertain a Rotarian from the Canton, Ohio, club who is bringing with him twelve sons of Rotarians between fourteen and seventeen years of age.

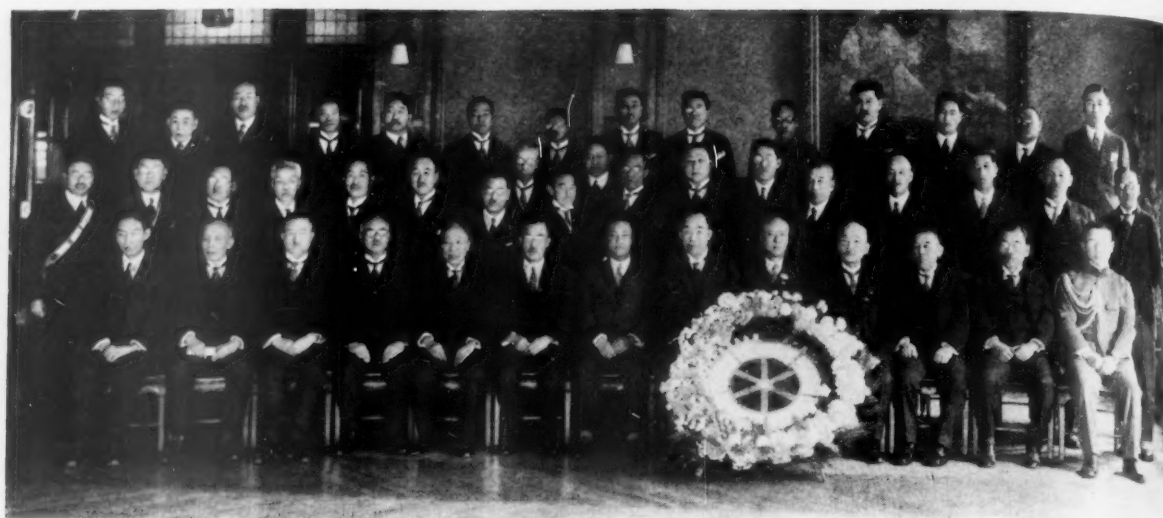
New Zealand

Debate Displaces Game

AUCKLAND—Every Friday the Auckland Rotary Club enjoys a social evening at the home of Charles Rhodes, former Rotary governor and director, and at present a Rotary Foundation



"Geel! We've always wanted to be Boy Scouts but . . ." Zanesville, O., Rotarians have enabled these three crippled boys to realize their desire. They are (left to right) Granville Factor, 13; Herbert Passwater, 15; and Sam Allese, 15.



It was an important day for Rotary at Nagoya, Japan, when Prince General Higashi-Kuni visited the club. Several speeches were given, ranging in subject from the financial condition of the districts having Nagoya as their center to "The Seven Gods of Happiness."

trustee. Until recently these evenings were devoted to billiards, cards, and suppers, but when an impromptu discussion drew many of the members away from their games, a debate was scheduled for each Friday.

England

"Atmosphere of Friendship"

ST. ALBANS—Honorary Commissioner Ing. M. B. Gerbel, of Vienna, in his address on "What Does Rotary Mean to Continental Europe," at the annual conference of the Ninth District at St. Albans, said "Each country may apply the principle of Rotary for its inner culture according to the individuality of its population, but the community of Continental Europe expects Rotary to create the atmosphere of friendship, love, and harmony which Europe needs for its healing, for the benefit of Europe's population and for the whole world's sake."

See Industry First Hand

DONCASTER—At the invitation of the Scunthorpe Rotary Club, Doncaster Rotarians visited the Scunthorpe Iron Works witnessing the methods used to break up and transport iron ore from the thirty foot seam. Two weeks later they again visited Scunthorpe to see the steel rolling mills and furnaces of the Appleby Iron Company.

Seek Playground Sites

HULL—To provide playgrounds in the congested areas for the poor children who now have to play in the streets, Hull Rotarians are making a thorough survey of possible locations.

White Sticks for Blind

WEST HAM—The West Ham Rotary Club has arranged to equip all blind persons in the borough with a white walking stick as a signal to motorists to use special care.

Chile

Keep Band Playing

COQUIMBO—Because the city found itself unable to support the municipal band, Coquimbo Rotarians undertook by personal contributions and solicitation to raise enough money to pay the musicians' expenses for the ensuing year.

Recommend Modern Market

LOTA—After careful study as to the need for a sanitary market, Rotarians of Lota have made

recommendations for the building of a modern market to the mayor who is carrying out their plans.

Plan for Children

TALCAHUANO—At an inter-city meeting held on an excursion boat, Rotarians from Tomé, Lota, and Talcahuano discussed plans for boys' week and means of keeping children in school for a longer period.

Host to Rotarians

ANTOFAGASTA—The Antofagasta Rotary Club was recently host to Rotarians from the north of Chile for two days.

Union of South Africa

Hoot Mon!

CAPE TOWN—Sir Harry Lauder entertained Cape Town Rotarians at one of their recent weekly meetings. Needless to say, attendance was high and the dining room crowded.

Seek Coördination

JOHANNESBURG—The Fifty-fifth District conference held at Johannesburg was largely and enthusiastically attended by approximately one hundred Rotarians of Africa. Eleven of the thirteen clubs in the district were represented. The two subjects of paramount interest at the conference were those of boys' work and native welfare. Throughout the discussions a strong desire was manifested for a closer coördination of these activities in the district.

Outing for 100 Children

PORT ELIZABETH—One hundred children of the Nazareth Home were given an outing at the coast quarters of the Automobile Club by Rotarians of Port Elizabeth.

United States

Host to Marble Champs

NEWPORT, KY.—School boys of Northern Kentucky who are champions at marbles were entertained by the Newport Rotary Club. Exhibition games and prizes to the winners in the various districts were features of the luncheon.

A Program Suggestion

HOT SPRINGS, ARK.—In a recent international service program, foreign-born Rotarians of Hot Springs acted as representatives of overseas countries.

Moss Point Wins

MOSS POINT, MISS.—The Moss Point Rotary Club, composed of eighteen members, recently held its seventy-sixth consecutive one hundred per cent meeting. At the District conference at Gulfport these Rotarians attended one hundred per cent and brought home the attendance trophy, a large loving cup.

Honor Henry Kohl

JERSEY CITY, N. J.—Rotarian Henry Kohl, Jersey City philanthropist, was given a dinner on the occasion of his fortieth anniversary in business. Twenty-seven civic organizations voiced their highest tribute, respect, and affection for their "outstanding citizen in charitable work."

Beat It?

ALHAMBRA, CALIF.—Rotarians of Alhambra believe they set a new record in attendance for clubs of Class C when they held their sixtieth consecutive one hundred per cent meeting. Marion, Illinois, is the runner-up with fifty-four such meetings.

Exchange Program Ideas

CORONA, CALIF.—Newly-elected presidents and secretaries of nine neighboring Rotary clubs met at Corona to enjoy a dinner and to plan club programs and activities for the next few months. By exchanging information and ideas on successful programs, the officers hope to enhance the value and interest of club meetings.

Sponsors Essay Contest

HARTFORD, CONN.—The Hartford Rotary Club, with the cooperation of the Hartford Times, sponsored an essay contest on the subject of "Americanism." From the 175 papers submitted, three were selected, and their authors received prizes of \$100, \$50, and \$25 before an audience of 2,000 people.

Praises Panama

KENOSHA, WIS.—Rotarian George S. Parker, president of the Parker Pen Company of Janesville, Wis., in an address before the Thirteenth District conference at Kenosha in which he gave his experiences in Rotary clubs the world over, was enthusiastic in his praise of the club at Colon. "I want to tell you about the club which in my estimation best expresses the spirit of Rotary. It is the Cristobal-Colon club in the Republic of Panama. . . . The cordial welcome extended to visiting Rotarians is something



Since 1927, Evansville, Ind., Rotarians have annually honored a citizen "for outstanding service to the city" by placing his name below its bronze "Hall of Fame" tablet in the Temple of Fine Arts.

which they do not soon forget and the spirit of international cooperation which exists there is something wonderful. The club has members of nearly a dozen nations and has had American, British, and Panamanian presidents."

Antipodal Response

SCHENECTADY, N. Y.—The Schenectady Rotary Club held an inter-city meeting recently with the Melbourne, Australia, club ten thousand miles away—by radio. Schenectady Rotarians were eating breakfast while Melbourne Rotarians enjoyed a late dinner. Each club furnished a feature while both joined together in the singing of songs. "One club," a wag declared, "sang in the morning and in the summer time, the other in the winter and at night, but both were singing at the same time." The program was broadcast by NBC, and the Vienna conventioners listened in.

Teaser Tees

QUEENSBOROUGH, N. Y.—With each invitation issued for the golf tournament of the Queensborough Rotary Club, the committee in charge sent five brightly colored wooden tees as "teasers" to golf enthusiasts.

Border Neighborliness

SAN ANTONIO, TEX.—Forty Rotarians and Rotary Anns of San Antonio travelled by bus to Monterrey to hold an international meeting with Mexican Rotarians. They presented the Monterrey club with a gavel made of wood from the old Governor's Palace in San Antonio.

"Classification Exhibit"

FORT WORTH, TEX.—A "classification exhibit" held at a local hotel by the Fort Worth Rotary Club attracted many visitors. The Rotarians used 135 spaces to demonstrate classifications represented in their club. Prizes were awarded.

Friends to Boys

SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.—San Francisco Rotarians are intensely interested in the welfare of the boys of their city. A couple of years ago they campaigned for funds to erect a central building for the Boys' Club. Recently they sponsored a Boys' Achievement Exposition.

Piscatorial Stimulus

ST. PAUL, MINN.—To the Rotarian catching the largest game fish in Minnesota waters, the St. Paul Rotary Club will give a \$10.00 cash award. Picture of the fish, designation of the lake where caught, and date when taken, with statement of poundage, will be required.

1,000 Hear "Al" Roth

SALEM, MASS.—When president "Al" Roth visited Salem, prior to the Vienna convention, 1,000 Rotarians from every state in New England, representing about eighty clubs, greeted him and listened to his address on the international problems of Rotary.

Entertains Senior Boys

HUNTINGTON, N. Y.—The Huntington Rotary Club annually entertains the senior boys of the Huntington High School at a noon luncheon. This year, five of the graduates were sons of Rotarians.

"Chain of Correspondence"

SACRAMENTO, CALIF.—Pupils of the Sacramento schools have been encouraged by the local Rotary club to open a "chain of correspondence" with children in other lands. Recently thirty letters were mailed to Germany and twenty to France.

Deplors Shooting

ALVA, OKLA.—The Alva Rotary Club has sent to every Rotary club in Mexico, a letter expressing regret and sympathy over the shooting to death of two Mexican citizens by officers at Ardmore.

Three Musicians to Camp

CHAMPAIGN, ILL.—The Champaign Rotary Club is sending three young musicians to the National High School Orchestra and Band Camp at Interlochen, Mich., for eight weeks.

Pay "Y" Fees for 70

ASBURY PARK, N. J.—By paying the membership fee, Asbury Park Rotarians made it possible for seventy boys to enjoy the privileges of the local Y. M. C. A.

Bird House Contest

O'FALLON, ILL.—The O'Fallon Rotary Club recently held a bird house building contest, with first and second prizes to boys divided into two groups according to age. All contestants were invited to a luncheon meeting of the club for the awarding of the prizes.

"Cause and Cure"

ALLIANCE, OHIO—A recent and timely subject discussed at a meeting of the Alliance Rotary Club was "The Cause and Cure of the Depression." Four members made a thorough report of the conditions leading to the present business situation.

What Crime Costs

MILTON, PA.—At a recent meeting Milton Rotarians learned from Major Lynn G. Adams, superintendent of the Pennsylvania state police, that crime is costing the people of Pennsylvania over thirty million dollars annually. Major Adams recommended an increase in the number of trained troopers as a means of reducing the exorbitant expense of lawlessness.

Investments

CENTRALIA, WASH.—Much interested in rural urban acquaintance, the Centralia Rotarians have helped finance boys' clubs, calf clubs, and Holstein clubs in this vicinity. In many cases prizes won by the boys in competition at fairs have enabled them to reimburse their benefactors.

Each of Denmark's sixteen Rotary clubs was represented at the first conference of District Seventy-five, at Nakskov. Sydney W. Pascall (third from left, front row, with hat in hand) brought greetings from Rotary International. To his right is Governor O. Oxelberg Lindhard; to his left, T. C. Thomsen, honorary general commissioner for Continental Europe.



Photo: Nissen, Maribo

Our Readers' Open Forum

Letters are invited from readers offering comments upon articles, setting forth new viewpoints on Rotary problems.

Prepared for Layman

To the Editor:

I found General Atterbury's "Rails, Ties—Men," in the June ROTARIAN, an extraordinarily interesting and informing article and just the kind which is badly needed at this time. It was prepared in such a way that any layman could have a full appreciation of the points which General Atterbury makes and also an accurate conception of some phases of railway operation.

E. W. BEATTY

President, Canadian Pacific Railway,
Montreal, Canada

An Appeal

To the Editor:

China again stands on the brink of yet another civil war; impoverished by famines, floods, plagues, and many other tribulations, she is soon likely to be faced with the worst and most terrible trial that the human race has to face and that is—civil war, unless the people of the country call a truce to all this senseless bloodshed; otherwise—the next few months will see tens of thousands of men slain by their own brethren, hundreds of thousands wounded and millions of people, and that is the horror of it, innocent women and children, driven from their homes and subject to all the tortures that necessarily accompany any warfare.

Are the Rotary clubs of China going to sit down idly and not do something?

"Is it nothing to all ye that pass by?"

Unquestionably every Rotarian will do everything in his power to succor a wounded man but why, in the name of common sense, not do it before he is wounded; why not stop these useless wars?

The excuse is often made that the Rotary clubs can not interfere in this matter as the question is political—this is a futile and lazy excuse; wars are not politics, on the contrary, they are the very negative of politics, and of law and order.

The Rotary clubs of various countries have on several occasions stepped in and prevented possible wars; they did so very effectively in South America, a few years ago, they did so in south-east Europe and in Ireland. I submit that the Rotary clubs in China have a definite duty to do everything in their power to stop the civil war which nobody needs, but into which the whole country is slowly drifting.

The Rotary clubs can stop this warfare at the beginning by the force of public opinion through the press, by calling on the assistance of every public spirited organization in China, the chambers of commerce, banks, governments, etc.

The Tientsin Rotary Club, on purely humanitarian grounds, has taken a very active part in getting rid of rabies in this district. Is it not infinitely more important for all the Rotary clubs of the world to combine to rid China of its warfare?

I would particularly appeal to those who have seen the awful and indescribable horrors of war, to those who in their own persons have been smashed and wounded, as I have, and who realize what hundred of thousands of their fellow men in China are going to endure.

I appeal still more to every Rotarian not only

in China but everywhere to stop this war and bring peace and goodwill in China.

R. A. WILLIAMS

Past president, Tientsin Rotary Club.

Tientsin, China

Had I a Son

Editor, THE ROTARIAN:

*Had I a son, he wouldn't feel
There are wabbles in the Rot'ry wheel.
At his first cry, I'd be his chum,
And always beckon him to come
And walk with me where e'er I go;
Avoid the pitfalls that I know
Awaits the boy—the growing lad—
Who is not chummy with his Dad.
I'd hike with him o'er hills and dales
And teach him woodcraft, streams and
trails;*

Had I a son,

*Had I a son, so proud he'd be
That Dad belonged to Rotary,
He'd gaze through years to that far time
When he could fill that seat of mine.
I'd read to him of Rot'ry's host;
Show him the great of Rot'ry's boast.
He'd know our code from A to Z
And all the good it's done for me.
Why, he'd know Rot'ry by the yard
And hold it with a high regard,
Had I a son.*

*Had I a son, he'd know with me
The men who founded Rotary.
He'd know the most important tool
That built the Wheel—the Golden Rule,
Its spokes—the nations now entwined
In comradeship for all mankind.
He'd learn the most of Rotary's worth
Its peaceful thoughts surround the earth.
And what seems wabbles, he'd know then,
Were pulse-beats from the hearts of men,
Had I a son.*

—EDWIN S. LAWSON—(Optometrist),
Porterville, Calif.

Dedicated to Homer W. Wood, founder and past president, San Francisco Rotary Club.

Not for Micawberists

To the Editor:

Rotary includes in its membership executives representing the various businesses and professions. It is a business man's organization.

We are experiencing a severe business depression with its accompanying distress. There is plenty of idle and available money for business activity, plenty of labor, yet unemployment and distress exist. They say we are suffering under the curse of too much—a surplus of goods, and people are hungry; a surplus of homes, and people live in hovels; a surplus of clothing, and people are in rags; a surplus of fuel, and children freeze; a surplus—and there is a cry for charity.

Our depression is attributed to excessive capacity for production. Is it rather not due to an insufficient ability to consume, caused by no lack of wants to satisfy, but because there are no means with which to buy?

These and many other vital and pressing questions demand a reply and must be answered before society arrives at a perfect and ideal

state of organization. The answers must be made and action taken by business men, executives. Why does not Rotary make an effort to answer and act, at least in part?

A greater service will be performed by making charity unnecessary than by giving alms where they are needed. Let's quit our Micawber-like attitude—waiting for something to turn up—and let us discuss what should be done about the present situation.

A. L. HUGHES

Classification: general law practice
Manitowoc, Wisconsin.

Change of Heart

To the Editor:

Your Business Manager, Harvey C. Kendall, while in Freeport called on me. I told him that I did not read THE ROTARIAN—had not done so for several years, although it came to my reading table every month.

In my early years in Rotary, I did read it—until I was completely saturated with the theories and principles of Rotary. But THE ROTARIAN continued to fill its pages with theories and principles. I wanted to hear more about practical application, and found plenty in other magazines and by our best writers.

I was getting along fine and at peace, with myself, at least, until Secretary Sleezer sprung a recent "Rotary News" telling about articles in THE ROTARIAN by Bradford, Lawrence, Filer, Van Loon, and other distinguished writers.

Then along came Harvey further to increase my blood pressure.

Now, I have had a change of heart. Hereafter, I am going to read our magazine, not only because it says "Rotarian" on the cover, but because I have discovered that it is full of good thought.

C. E. THOMPSON

Classification: toy manufacturing
Freeport, Illinois.

Wonders . . . Suggests

To the Editor:

I have tried to like THE ROTARIAN but time after time I have picked it up and laid it down without finding anything in it that I considered worth my time, until I met this article, "The Blessings of a Crisis," by André Maurois, which is in the June number. I shall look for more of the same quality.

I am wondering how the ideas of such men as John Dewey, Charles Erskine, Scott Wood, Theodore Dreiser, Harry Elmer Barnes, John Cowper Powys, and John H. Dietrich would be received by the ranking list of Rotarians.

ROBERT B. SWEET

Classification: physician

Long Beach, Calif.

Pro and Con

To the Editor:

The correspondence columns of THE ROTARIAN were alive in the last issue on a subject of much importance to all Rotarians.

Reference is made to the chain store problem where some are interested in selling to, or buying from; and others, in a different way on account of the competition involved.

It can easily be seen why independents should

complain; on the other hand, if the latter devote their efforts to giving service, with courteous treatment, and carry a minimum of those essential directly competitive items, they cannot fail to hold the esteem and support of their community and the patronage of that portion of the buying public, where other than "mere price" is the question of trade.

The unfair feature, as this writer sees it, is the lower price, or discount, that some sellers accord to the chains, not because of what they buy for sale in that particular community, but on account of their "buying power." In some lines an independent will purchase and resell in his community more than the chain, yet because he lacks "aggregate buying power" he is unduly and unfairly penalized—unfairly, because the seller has the same expense of billing, shipping and overhead for either party in the same town.

Better value is not always found in a chain store, for the latter has a tendency to feature "quantity" as against "quality," so that while, on the surface, the independent may consider himself at a disadvantage, in reality the situation need not be as dark as some of your correspondents picture it.

HAROLD BROCKELBANK

President, Mansell, Hunt, Catty & Co., Ltd. (manufacturers and importers).

Hoboken, N. J.

"Even if . . ."

To the Editor:

Just want to register a disagreement with Mr. Sherrill and his article "Across the Chain Store Counter."

The Chain Store Association have appropriated a large sum of money just for such publicity, and if Mr. Sherrill was able to put this over without any advertising cost to the association, he drove a wonderful bargain.

Even if the chain stores sold so much lower, as Mr. Sherrill's statements would try to prove (and right here I want to say that they do not check up with statistics gathered around the metropolitan district, where there are hundreds of individually owned grocery and meat stores giving greater values than the chains), why accept an economic saving regardless of its results on society? Our own little successful Rotary club here would fade to one third of its present membership if individually owned business were forced out. I can just picture our little club meeting on each Thursday without "Herman," "Jack," "Bill," "Dave," "Ben," "Louis," "Frank," "Carmen," "Bill," "2d," "Frank, 2d," and perhaps several others, due to the fact that they were not as "efficient" as the chain stores, and succumbed to this sort of competition.

The writer does not admit that the chain stores have given us anything except a gesture of bigness that has had the psychological effect of bringing to their stores customers who think that bigness means savings, which as we all know is not always true; but if it were true, it would still be an economy that was not good for the social order, and Rotary should give it no help.

C. B. McPHILLIPS

Classification: wholesale grocer.

Suffern, N. Y.

"Why the criticism . . ."

To the Editor:

To me the July ROTARIAN is about as interesting a magazine as I have read. I am very fond of "Time," though of course, THE ROTARIAN does not deal with the same kind of subjects, but it is just as attractive as that publication in its appearance, and its articles are just as

well written, and I want to say that out of the many magazines I have received published by organizations to which I have belonged, THE ROTARIAN is the most interesting of them all.

I cannot understand why the criticism should have been directed at the Sherrill article ("Across the Chain Store Counter"). I was not particularly impressed with it myself, but I know it was not published from a partisan standpoint, so far as THE ROTARIAN is concerned, and, as is pointed out, it was done for the purpose of letting the question be discussed from all sides. I think you have properly published the viewpoint of THE ROTARIAN.

To me the finest article in this issue is the one by Clarence Mulholland, ("I wanted to join Rotary") and to my mind the most outstanding statement in that article is the reference that he makes to the stagnation of a self-satisfied organization. I believe that Rotary is going to have to continually present to its members, new thoughts for discussion. Ultimately, the Sixth Object will stand out as the bulwark behind which the great Rotary movement fortifies itself, but there is going to have to be continual injection of new ideals, young blood, spontaneous enthusiasm of younger men, and the rebuilding of many a Rotary club before Rotary can be said to have achieved its greatest success.

I wonder sometimes if it would not be money well spent for THE ROTARIAN to broadcast a Rotary hour along the order of Collier's hour. It occurs to me that more interest will be stimulated in your splendid magazine if Rotarians throughout the world are provided by this new method with a contact that has meant so much in other lines of endeavor.

JOHN T. METCALF

Classification: corporation law practice. (Immediate past district governor)

Winchester, Ky.

"Ill advised . . ."

To the Editor:

It seems to the writer, that the biased discussion of chain stores ("Across the Chain Store Counter" by C. O. Sherrill) especially at this particular time, is ill advised, and has no place in a periodical such as THE ROTARIAN.

The independent merchant has a problem to work out during this time of stress, and for THE ROTARIAN to lend aid and encouragement to a combination of capital against the small man, is to say the least, not according to my understanding of Rotary ethics.

HARRY H. ROBERTS

Classification: wholesale hardware.

Pulaski, Va.

To Be Fair

Dear Sir:

You no doubt have read the article in this week's "Merchants Journal," written by Ned Fleming, of Topeka, Kansas.

If you want to be fair, as you say you do, you will print Mr. Fleming's article in full, in the next issue of THE ROTARIAN. Mr. Fleming has given facts.

WILLIAM WALLACE

President, Ottawa Wholesale Grocery Co. Ottawa, Kans.

Editor's Note: The article to which Rotarian Wallace refers was written by Rotarian Ned Fleming, of the Fleming-Wilson Mercantile Company (jobbers), and was printed in the "Merchants Journal" to refute "Across Chain Store Counters," by Clarence O. Sherrill, vice president of the Kroger Grocery and Baking Company, who, until a few months ago, was a member of the Cincinnati Rotary Club.

The Sherrill article, it might be added, was

but one of a series appearing in THE ROTARIAN, each designed to contribute constructive opinion and comment to understanding of the current problems of retailing. "Across Chain Store Counters" followed "The Corner Store Grows Up," by W. L. Brintnall, a successful independent merchant of Marshalltown, Ia., and, in turn, was followed by "Not Everyone Can Run a Store," by Dr. Julius Klein, of the U. S. Department of Commerce, in the July Issue.

In view of the interest in this series, and in the spirit of fair discussion, THE ROTARIAN is happy to comply with Rotarian Wallace's request, and herewith reprints all of the Fleming article germane to the issues raised:

"Chain stores are simply two or more successful stores run under one ownership. . . . However large a chain may grow to be, it is not different in principle from the two stores owned and operated by Mr. Jones."—Sherrill article.

Mr. Sherrill begins his article by trying to confuse the issue. Speaking quite frankly, it looks like an attempt to crawl under the banner of Home Stores to gain all the protection possible by attempting to claim that chain stores are the same in principle as the independents.

This certainly is not true from the standpoint of the community's welfare.

For example, just a few members of one family own one of the large grocery chain stores, lock, stock, and barrel. Last year this chain made approximately thirty million dollars, all of which went to just those few owners. What a difference this would have made in our country if that thirty million dollars profit had been divided among 15,000 merchants—what a difference in buying power there would have been. Surely Mr. Sherrill cannot argue that in principle there is no difference between a large organization owning several thousand stores and one independent owning two stores.

"Chain stores perform a valuable service for the public in buying goods from the producer with but a single mark-up in price and but a single profit to the distributor."—Sherrill Article.

This statement is misleading. It tends to convey to the readers the thought that chain stores have eliminated some steps in distribution by their system. The truth of the matter is that they have exactly the same steps in distribution as does the independent: first—warehouse; second—Retail stores.

Whether they call it one price or one mark-up, or two prices or two mark-ups does not have anything to do with the ultimate price to the consumer. The steps from factory to warehouse to retail store is as true of chain stores as of independents. If they like the term "single profit" or "one price," it can, also, be used by organized independents with exactly the same meaning.

"They have made the one improvement of recent times in distribution, by cutting out waste, so as to give the farmer the highest price for his produce and the consumer the lowest cost for his purchases."—Sherrill Article.

On the contrary, the chains are constantly trying to depress the prices paid to the farmer and to other producers. They hammer down the price in their buying to a point where there is nothing in it for the producers, and farmers know this to be a fact.

Let's take potatoes, for an example. Today, let us say, they are paying the farmer \$1 per cwt. Tomorrow morning they advertise potatoes to the consumer at \$1 per cwt. When Mr. Grower or Farmer comes to town with his potatoes today they point to the sign, or the advertisement, and show him why they cannot

pay him the price, \$1, as they did yesterday.

Let's be more fair than Mr. Sherrill has been with the independents. We do not say that all chain stores have done this; we do say that many of them have. We positively say that this is more possible when there are a group of stores under one financial control. If that group or groups of stores are permitted to dominate the market, then Mr. Grower is entirely subject to their dictation of price. It is an indication that chain stores, instead of being valuable to growers, are dangerous. Do we need more proof of that?

Turn from the farmer, the producer, to the manufacturer. Not one but hundreds will tell you of the unfair dealings they have had with chain organizations. Practically every manufacturer has been subject to the threat of this chain store power, which has forced many of them to sell their goods at an unreasonably low price, or to donate a large sum of money in the form of advertising allowance or secret rebates to that particular chain organization or lose them as outlets of distribution.

Again we do not charge that all chain stores have done this, but it is a condition made possible by chain store methods and which was not prevalent in any major degree before chain stores reached their present size.

In referring to Dr. Malcolm D. Taylor, assistant professor of marketing of the University of North Carolina, Mr. Sherrill makes this statement:

"He examined sixty nationally advertised articles in common use in every grocery store in Durham, and found that the chain store sold these articles for 13 $\frac{3}{4}$ per cent less than the independent stores."

The above statement does not mean nor does it prove that chain stores sell the average bill of groceries at any less price than the independents.

The North Carolina price comparisons were made on nationally advertised articles only, and these are the very items which the chains use for their "loss leaders" to lure the customer into their stores.

An executive of one of the largest chain stores of the United States says quite frankly that chains use national advertised articles in their stores mainly as a means of price comparison between them and independent stores. This executive further stated that if the time came when the independent stores did not handle these nationally advertised articles, then the chains' interest in them would, also, cease to exist.

We frankly admit that the big chain stores are clever merchandisers. One of their clever merchandising schemes is to keep the price unreasonably low on these few nationally advertised items (few in comparison with total items sold by them), so as to convey the impression to the consumer that they are cheaper on everything. This we know is not the case.

"... They (chains) have been subject to bitter attacks by their enemies on a number of other points. These include short weights, incorrect labeling, failure to take part in community civic activities, depriving individuals of the opportunity to rise in life, being a dangerous monopoly, and the elimination of desirable competition."—Sherrill Article.

This is one statement that is not misleading in any way. Chain organizations have been subject to these charges and attacks by public officials. Not one, but hundreds of cases of arrests of chain store managers for "short weights" can be referred to if necessary.

"Short weights," in many chain stores, are not the result of dishonest leadership. The executives of the large chain organizations in the majority are men of wonderful ability.

They are far too smart to issue orders to anybody to give short weights, to manipulate the adding machine, to use the double package system, or to do any of the other crooked things for which chain store managers have been often convicted and fined.

But the chain store system is something else. It is the system that has caused these short weights, referred to by Mr. Sherrill. The system which makes the store manager pay out of his own meager salary for any shrinkage of fresh vegetables beyond a certain limit and that limit in many cases is too meager; that same chain store system has caused many over-zealous district supervisors to resort to practices not ethical; in order that the stores under their supervision might make a good showing. These practices do not originate with the executives but they are in existence in many cases, caused entirely by the chain store system and its cold-blooded, many times unreasonable, rules.

"Chain stores make large contributions to community chest funds and other charitable and civic efforts."—Sherrill Article.

Here again is a wide sweeping statement, which is not only misleading but is untrue.

Thousands of Rotary members who have worked as solicitors for various civic enterprises, can judge this statement better than any one individual.

Hundreds of citizens know that in a large majority of cases the chain store manager has no authority to make any large contribution whatever.

"Far more opportunities for a young man are offered by the chain store than ever were given for him to go into business as an independent merchant. Unless a young man has inherited considerable capital, he cannot successfully operate a business of his own, and while he is learning to operate a business he is almost sure to go into bankruptcy."—Sherrill Article.

Is that the kind of advice you want passed on to your son? Surely we do not want any chain store executive to say to the young men of America that unless they inherit money they had better go to work for somebody else. The young people of America have been urged to save enough money from their wages in order that they might build a business of their own.

Mr. Sherrill's statement would indicate that only those few who have inherited capital can become independent owners of a business. His statements are so contrary to American ideals and ideas that it is unnecessary to take further time to discuss them.

"Another charge is that chain stores take money away from the community. Let us remember that when a dollar is spent in any store, almost all of it must go to the same place in relation to that community, whether the store be chain or independent. Chain stores and independent alike must send a large part of the dollar to the local farmer or to the manufacturer, and both men pay local expenses such as lights, heat, power, water, rent, taxes, salaries, advertising, etc."—Sherrill Article.

Both the chains and independents have certain common items of overhead but the net profits from the chain stores go away, never to return, while the net profits from the independent store stay in town.

Also, it is a fact that chain store wages are below the average; this is the official finding of the United States government.

Most chains also are notorious slackers when it comes to aid, financial and otherwise, in local civic enterprises.

In tax contributions the chains make a similar showing.

In Topeka there is one independent retail

store which pays as much taxes as all the chain stores in town. There is a single independent retail grocery store that pays more taxes than all the chain grocery stores in town combined. Independent stores, which carry the large and complete stocks and perform a real service as the buying agents of the community, are penalized for this service by paying the heavy taxes, while the chains, handling only a few staple, fast moving items, pay a trivial tax on an enormous turnover. This situation is not peculiar to Topeka; it exists in some form or other in every small city or town which has been invaded by the chains. Only the big cities where the chain stores have their warehouses, and wholesale supply depots, benefit from chain store taxes. The small towns starve that the big city may profit.

It is this skill in tax dodging which led to the recent decision of the United States Supreme Court in the Indiana case. Under the Indiana law, a way is provided to reach the chain store tax dodgers, and the Supreme Court says that the end justifies the means.

"After all of such items are paid there remains for the chain store a profit rarely exceeding 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ cents on each dollar of business done. Of this small sum, approximately one cent is usually paid out for dividends, and 1 $\frac{1}{4}$ cents goes to surplus to be used for future purchases of buildings and new equipment and for expansion."—Sherrill Article.

Two and one-fourth per cent net profit on each dollar of business done is not a small profit, as Mr. Sherrill would have us believe. It is a large profit. The average profit of the retail grocery stores in the United States, according to the Harvard Bureau of Business Research, is only 1.8 per cent.

Let's figure a little on what two and one-fourth per cent net profit means to the chains, and to the community:

The average investment in a chain store in this city, for instance, would, undoubtedly, not exceed \$6,000, including fixtures and merchandise stock. In most cases, the figure will be considerably lower than this. If they do a total business of \$60,000 per year (and on a \$6,000 investment they probably would do more than this) and make a net profit of two and one-fourth cents, that means \$1,350. That means \$1,350 moved from that one store out of the city to eastern headquarters. . . .

That \$1,350 which Mr. Sherrill calls a small sum represents 22 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent on the total investment of that one store in that community. Based on these figures, it means that in less than five years' time, one store can drain out of the community more money than was represented by its total investment in the community. True, some of that money may return to that city; if it does, it is generally in the form of another store, which merely increases the drain of money from that city to eastern headquarters.

One of the most dangerous conditions which America faces is the permitting of the chain store system of domination, of draining the community not only of dollars and cents but of initiative and individual leadership.

The independent merchant needs no apology. Thousands of independent stores are selling food commodities—the family grocery bill—at lower prices than are thousands of chain stores.

Make the chain stores pay their share of the taxes, and other contributions toward community welfare; put a stop to the secret rebates, allowances, and concessions which they get in their buying; in short, make them fight fair, start from the mark, and not jump the gun, and the independent merchants will cheerfully abide by the outcome.

Breve Reseña de la Convención de Viena

POR muchos meses la población de Viena esperó la gran oportunidad que le brindaba la Convención Rotaria para dar la bienvenida y agasajar en un estilo típicamente Vienes a los Rotarios del mundo. No fué para ellos una desilusión. Cuatro mil doscientos ochenta y ocho Rotarios y sus familias, representando 63 países se reunieron en la bella ciudad de Viena en lo que se puede considerar una de las más importantes Convenciones Internacionales durante el último cuarto de siglo.

El Domingo 21 de Junio, el Alcalde de la ciudad de Viena ofreció una cena oficial a los funcionarios internacionales y sus distinguidas familias, asistiendo también altos personajes del Gobierno, el Cuerpo Diplomático y la sociedad vienesa. La fiesta tuvo lugar en el Palacio del Gobierno que para esta ocasión estaba brillantemente alumbrado y decorado.

Los invitados reunidos en el gran Salón de Recepción fueron introducidos al Alcalde Seitz por el Rotario Otto Boehler del Rotary club de Viena. Pocos minutos después Su Excelencia Wilhelm Miklas, Presidente de Austria hizo su entrada y dió personalmente la bienvenida al Presidente de Rotary Internacional, Almon E. Roth y al Presidente de la Convención, Rotario Sydney Pascall del Rotary club de Londres. La noticia de la Moratoria del Presidente Hoover de los Estados Unidos acababa de recibirse en Austria y tanto el Presidente de la República como el Alcalde expresaron en sus discursos la gratitud de su país. Después de varios discursos los invitados, marcharon al Gran Salón del Senado en donde 400 cubiertos fueron servidos de una manera exquisita. Después del suntuoso banquete, renombrados artistas de la Opera de Viena rindieron varias selecciones musicales.

Durante el lunes los Rotarios visitaron los puntos de interés de Viena recibiendo toda clase de atenciones por donde quiera que iban.

El Presidente del Rotary club de Viena dió la bienvenida a la Convención en cuatro diferentes idiomas. El Presidente de la República, el Alcalde y el Canciller de Austria también hicieron uso de la palabra, contestando el Presidente Roth a cada uno. El Secretario Internacional Perry leyó un mensaje del Presidente Emérito Paul P. Harris que fué muy

ovacionado. El Presidente Roth presentó inmediatamente después a los funcionarios internacionales y miembros de los varios comités, e hizo su discurso oficial que fué premiado con aplausos. El Secretario Perry leyó su informe anual y el del Tesorero Chapin. Las nominaciones para Funcionarios y Directores Internacionales fueron recibidas, resultando electo unánimemente como Presidente de Rotary Internacional para el año 1931-32 el Rotario Sydney W. Pascall de Londres. La Concurrencia toda se puso de pie y la ovación duró varios minutos. A las doce cuarenta, Lord Cecil pronunció un elocuente discurso sobre el problema internacional del desarme, que fué uno de los puntos culminantes de la Convención.

Por la noche los Rotarios asistieron a una representación de Gala en la Gran Opera de Viena y a una representación especial de "La Viuda Alegre" bajo la dirección del famoso compositor y Rotario Franz Lehar.

El Comité de Credenciales informó oficialmente el miércoles por la mañana que 962 clubs eran representados personalmente y que 1808 clubs eran representados "por poder" haciendo un total de 2770 clubs representados de conformidad. El número total de votos fué 3302 y 63 países fueron representados por votos.

VEINTIOCHO resoluciones que afectan la organización y las actividades de Rotary fueron presentadas y discutidas en la Asamblea Legislativa del lunes. Diez y ocho fueron aceptadas. Entre las más importantes se pueden citar Resolución No. 4 que aumenta el número de miembros de la Junta Directiva Internacional de 12 a 14. Sin embargo, este aumento no afecta los miembros electos de los Estados Unidos que es actualmente cinco, sino que da a la Junta Directiva Internacional el derecho de seleccionar cinco Directores fuera de los Estados Unidos, Canada, Terranova y Gran Bretaña e Irlanda, en lugar de tres. Los cinco miembros seleccionados para el nuevo año rotario son: Rotarios Wm. de Cock Buning de La Haya, Holanda, que era Primer Vice Presidente Internacional el año pasado; Luis Machado de La Habana, Cuba, Biagio Borriello de Nápoles, Italia, Miguel Arrojado Lisboa de Rio de Janeiro, Brasil, y Johannes Martens de Oslo, Noruega.

La aceptación de esta resolución da una representación todavía más internacional a la Junta Directiva de Rotary Internacional.

Para el año entrante, sólo seis de los catorce miembros que componen la Junta Directiva, serán miembros de clubs Norte Americanos. Dos son de Inglaterra y uno de cada uno de los países siguientes: Canadá, Brasil, Italia, Holanda, Cuba, Noruega o sean ocho naciones diferentes representadas en la Junta Directiva.

La Resolución No. 28 que indica que Rotary Internacional esta en favor del Desarme Mundial fué unánimemente adoptada como sigue:

Se resuelve por Rotary Internacional en su 22a. Convención Anual, representando 158,000 hombres de negocios y profesiones de 67 países diferentes del orbe, que se apoya todo medio posible tomado por los varios gobiernos para lograr que la próxima Conferencia en pro del Desarme Mundial que se verificará en Ginebra, Suiza en 1932 tenga éxito en obtener una verdadera reducción en los armamentos del mundo.

Ese mismo día los Secretarios de clubs se reunieron en una comida presidida por el Rotario Fred Grey de Nottingham, Inglaterra, durante la cual se presentó y discutió los deberes del Secretario de un club.

Por la tarde las damas visitaron los departamentos del Palacio Imperial y la Biblioteca Nacional, así como la famosa escuela de equitación española en donde se presentó un programa especial.

Por la noche del miércoles el Gobierno Federal de Austria dió una recepción oficial en honor de los Rotarios, quienes tuvieron oportunidad de visitar, junto con sus familiares, todos los lujosos salones del antiguo Palacio Imperial. El Presidente de la República Miklas dió personalmente la bienvenida al Presidente Roth y a toda la selecta concurrencia. La recepción duro hasta muy avanzada la noche.

Durante la mañana del jueves se desarrollaron con verdadero éxito varias asambleas en ingles, español, alemán, francés e italiano sobre Servicio Internacional. Tom Sutton, ex-Presidente Internacional

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Bali, Jewel of the South Seas

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fifty to one hundred pounds. This enforced exercise has given her a back as straight as an arrow, a regal and singularly graceful carriage. Her allotted span of life is about fifty years and, I imagine, this hard work has something to do with shortening her life.

FATHER, on the other hand, would never be accused of "housekeeperitis," for, I feel sure, he hurries through his household chores so as the sooner to devote himself to his chief occupation in life, the care of fighting cocks. Each bird is lovingly taken out of its bamboo cage (he usually possesses at least five), washed very carefully, its body well massaged, put back into the cage, and placed in a nice sunny spot to dry. A little later in the day, father dresses up smartly, tucks his favorite rooster under his arm and seeks the circle of his cronies, usually in an open pavilion beneath the village granary. Apparently all afternoon long, these men carry on animated discussions about the good and bad points of each other's birds. Under these exhausting conditions, poor father can only expect a life span of sixty or seventy years.

But lest I appear too hard on father, I must admit that he does put in an aggregate of one month a year in real labor. He floods the rice fields (the staple crop of the Balinese), ploughs them with the crude plough of Bible days, puddles them by driving cattle or water buffaloes round and round in a circle, and then transplants in them the young rice plants from field nurseries. That done, he washes the mud off his body—for the Balinese are an extremely clean people, constantly bathing in any little wayside stream—hands the growing crop over to mother and retires to a life of leisure.

The Balinese youth of both sexes are superb specimens of the human race. There is a beauty to their brown bodies that gives them the semblance of bronze statues come to life. No one with a spark of beauty in his soul can fail to gaze with appreciation and delight upon the lovely, firm, well-rounded bodies of the girls from twelve to twenty-five. After that age, you generally turn your back upon them for they wrinkle and wither very early in these equatorial lands and would be more ornamental if fully clothed. A woman of forty easily looks seventy.

The Balinese have developed an enviable community spirit, going out into the fields at any time to help a neighbor with his planting or harvesting or with

any other task whatsoever. The white stranger is rather piqued to find himself ignored by the natives who go about attending strictly to their own affairs. This is so unlike the native elsewhere who is bothersomely curious about the foreigner. It is only when you make the first move that you find the Balinese delightfully pleased with your interest in him.

The music of Bali. What a treat! Once heard, never forgotten! Mildly interested at first, our interest increased in intensity until we found ourselves wanting more and more of it. It is a music indicating a high stage of development but with no written notes! The ear of the oncoming generation catches it and thus it is handed down the centuries. Little lads snuggle up as close to the players as they can, sitting motionless for hours at a time, listening, listening.

In a general way, the Bali orchestra, or "gamelan," resembles our marimbaphone bands but with this difference. In Western lands, a single instrument covers the entire range of notes. In Bali, however, there are instruments covering just the treble, others the middle range, and still others the bass. There also are deep booming bronze gongs, adding an occasional still lower note. In addition to those instruments from which the tone is obtained by striking wood or bamboo bars, there are other instruments consisting of inverted bronze bowls with little domes on the tops, generally fourteen of them, which rest on two leather thongs attached to the customary deeply carved frame. The carving of these supports which are used with all the instruments is done, as a rule, by a skillful artisan whose sole pay is his village pride.

Each man, playing only a limited range of notes with both hands, enables the orchestra to give a completeness of tone that is most effective. Furthermore, many of the instruments have more the pure tone of orchestra bells than the woody sound of our xylophone or marimbaphone. The notes are rendered with the precision of the piano by instant muffling with the hand.

There are also long narrow drums tapering at both ends. If you think there is no art in playing a drum, you should see the Balinese operate it. On it they obtain four different tones according to whether they use the palm of the hands or the fluttering fingers and whether they strike it on the rim or in the center of the taut skin. It is fascinating to watch this clever, seemingly tireless finger play.

Some of the more perfect instruments comprising the complete gamelan orchestra, played by from twenty to thirty musicians, cost about one thousand dollars gold which is a great deal of money in Bali. Poor is the village, however, that has not its orchestra. We wonder if there is any other country in the world where there is so general a love for music. Never will we forget the charming, melodious tinkling and booming of the gamelan as we heard it far into the night, sometimes just faintly reaching us from a distant village and lulling us pleasantly to sleep.

Dancing also is a very vital part in the life of the Balinese people. To them it takes the place of our theatre, almost of our library, too, for it keeps alive the legendary tales of their gods, demigods, and troublesome demons. Balinese dancing is mostly body posturing accompanied by backward curved and quivering fingers, a marvellous muscle control that requires constant training from very early childhood. Eye play and a cute little forward thrust of the chin with head otherwise held as stationary as possible enters into it to a considerable extent. Unique and beautiful, it appealed to us as did no other native dancing.

THERE are many different dances. The Legong, a religious dance, is always presented by two little girls under twelve years of age. Resplendent in ornate crowns of sheet gold, their slender little bodies are incased in stiff robes stencilled in gold leaf. The Djanger or Dance of Pleasure is given by twelve girls and eight boys, forming a square with a solo male dancer in the center. The girls with tightly bound bodies and kains of their own weaving, are very decorative in their trembling headdresses of paper flowers. The lasting impression of this dance is the graceful motions of their beautiful arms and hands. There are also mask dancers. Bali possesses many hundreds of old masks. The government wisely prohibits the tourist carrying them from the island.

Motoring one day along a scenic highway, we were suddenly stopped by gamelan players stretched across the road. A couple of dancers in hideous masks were cavorting before them surrounded by an audience of villagers. That this naive people should regard the nice, smooth surface of the Dutch constructed road as of greater importance as a temporary location for their orchestra than for the accommodation of traffic, amused us greatly. We recognized this human stop-sign, stepped from our motor car and sat down in chairs thoughtfully placed for us, although every one else sat on the

ground. Within reach on a native food stand was a big basket of mangosteens, one of Nature's finest achievements in fruits. We helped ourselves as we watched the dance.

The religion of the Balinese weaves itself about the simplest acts of their daily lives. They are enthusiastic builders of temples, profusely carved, giving the appearance of antiquity but they are not old. The stone soon crumbles. There is merit in constructing a new temple but not in repairing an old one. Each village has a rice temple, a death temple, an ocean temple, a mountain temple, a water temple, a village temple and also a private temple for each family as well as innumerable individual shrines. Someone has estimated that there are 100,000 temples throughout Bali.

Whenever in our motor jaunts we came to a temple gateway exhibiting a decoration of fresh lontar palm leaves, it was a sign that a temple festival was in progress, and we would enter. The open bales or pavilions within the temple compounds were buzzing with life. Men here, cutting up pork into very small bits, mixing it with the fresh blood of the animal; there, pressing cakes of it upon slender skewers of bamboo; over there, near the great banyan tree, putting these meat cakes or "sati" over bright embers of coconut fibers and shells. Great quantities of these must be prepared, for the whole village would soon be called here and remain in the temple grounds for two or three days.

In another bale, women were busily cooking an enormous amount of rice both for food and for offerings which would later be gobbled up by the pigs. In other bales the women were weaving fresh palm leaf baskets for the offerings.

When all was ready a great hollow gong was sounded calling the laborers in from the fields and to announce to the distant village that now was the time to bring their offerings. And soon the sun-flecked highway presented a spectacle peculiar to Bali, a mile-long pageant of shapely maidens bearing towers of offerings upon their heads. No one directs them but they naturally fall into single file and march along in perfect formation. Many of these offerings stand five or six feet high and are built up of heavy fruits, decorated cakes, and swaying flowers.

As cremation frees the soul of the dead, the Balinese regard it as a time of rejoicing rather than mourning. It must be remembered that as it is always a costly affair, it rarely takes place at the time of death, but many months or even years afterwards. The cremation we attended happened to be that of an old man of

high caste. A small bale has been constructed for his remains. His body was loosely wrapped in cotton cloth, a tube inserted in the spine to catch the body fluid which was carefully thrown away each day. The hot fresh air and the sun withered the body. This body had been kept eighteen months before the family had collected enough funds to hold the cremation and during all that time, both day and night, two watchers were on guard. It was necessary to supply them with plenty of food, a portion of which was used as an offering.

I WAS told of a Raja's cremation a few years before that cost \$25,000 gold. As we watched the three-day preparations for the cremation, we realized that it must take money and plenty of it. It does not mean just a cremation for this one body for the deceased bodies of younger members of the family, used here in the Bible sense, have been awaiting just such a time to be cremated also. The bodies are not actually unearched but are represented by logs of sandalwood. One hundred and eighty-three of these were burned during this one cremation.

For three days, carpenters had been at work constructing the wadachs or high catafalques upon which the bodies were carried to the cemetery. Bamboo runways had been made to reach them. The bodies of cows were made out of wood to form the actual coffin. These were then covered with cotton cloth and decorated with paint and gilt. After the cremation I picked up a torn section of white cloth upon which was a free hand pencil drawing of a garuda (Vishnu upon his fabulous bird), which was remarkably well done.

As friends by the hundreds were expected, a sufficient quantity of all kinds of delectable food had to be prepared. The last I saw of a gigantic tortoise was as he wended his slow way across the courtyard. The next day I looked for him but he was probably in the soup.

After a priest and priestess had gone through weird incantations for hours, the body, in a white coffin, was brought forth, carried up a tall bamboo runway, strapped on a high seat with half the coffin hanging in space. The village maidens, two by two, carried over their heads as they slowly passed through the grounds, a hundred-yard piece of white cotton which was handed up the runway and folded upon the coffin. The wadach was then seized by ninety men with glistening bare bodies who rushed forward at breakneck speed, retreated in the same fashion and whirled about, all done with the fixed intention of dodging the evil

spirits, who always proceed in a straight line, so they cannot follow to the cremation grounds. Arrived there, two young chickens were released from the wadach, symbolic of the freeing of the soul. The body was carefully carried down the runway and placed in the cow coffin. Eighty or ninety earthen jars of holy water were poured upon the body (the friends send holy water where we send flowers) before the head and tail of the cow which forms the lid were placed upon it.

A match was just about to be applied when three high caste women approached and threw over the body of the cow many lovely silk kains. It was a cause for weeping to see these fine handwoven silks, representing months of labor, disappearing in a puff of smoke.

I cannot leave Bali without saying a word about the cock fights which the Dutch permit but rarely. They are regarded by the Balinese as a blood sacrifice. It is a cruel practice, but when we heard of one about to take place in the village of Giangir, we forced ourselves to go. The great square pavilion before the temple was packed with Balinese.

Each owner of a contesting bird was obliged to throw upon the platform a considerable sum as his bird was entered. We were astonished at the number of gold coins. As the two owners were tying the five inch razor-sharp spur upon their respective roosters, betting began like the low murmuring of an oncoming storm. We could not understand their system of betting but Seng, our Chinese guide, said, "Native of Bali make offering before shrine before fight and promise not to cheat. He may have on very dirty dress, but, oh, his heart very clean, very neat. Very, very honest man. Need no books. All pay debts." This cruel sport is mercifully over in a few seconds, one bird invariably receiving its death wound.

It is strange how many different methods there are in the world for doing the same thing. We buy a pasteboard ticket or go through a turnstile upon entering a place of amusement at home and could scarcely conceive of more effective methods. In Bali, as the native pays admission and enters the pavilion, the impression of a rubber stamp is placed on his bare shoulder which entitles him to enter and pass in and out as he likes.

If ever the high-sounding, highly extravagant praise of tourist-ensnaring literature is justified, it can more correctly be applied to Bali than any place we know. But if you would see this jewel of the Southern Seas, do not delay too long for so destructive are the ways of the tourist that perhaps in a short five years much of her real charm will be gone.

Why a Life In the Laboratory?

[Continued from page 17]

and other lands of the Near and Far East.

And so we are compelled to accept the conclusion that the shift of the leadership of civilization from the East to the West is not due to racial superiority nor to any innate advantage that the white people may have over others.

The West, I believe, owes its favorable position to an idea: *The idea of science.*

NOW, the idea of science is simply an attitude that men may have towards the world. It is a desire to find out how this outside environment, in which they live, works, coupled with the desire to increase their power to control it. It is an attitude that looks at life, determines its methods of operation, and adjusts them, so far as is possible, to human needs.

Leonardo da Vinci was one of the first consciously to develop this point of view. And Galileo, Kepler, Newton, and a host of others should be permanently great names in our history, for they made significant contributions to the extension of this way of looking at life and things.

Science was largely responsible for the industrial revolution which has altered the lives of people. If you do not believe this, go to the Orient where in many places you will find spinning wheels, potter's wheels, and other tools in use today such as the Occident had centuries ago. Industry, by itself, is stagnant and static. It needs science to make it progressive and dynamic.

Virtually everything we touch is, in part, due to scientific investigation. Science was called upon at almost every stage of the development of the automobile and the steam or electric train that bring the modern business man to work. It made possible the development of skyscrapers and typewriters and printing presses and the radio.

At home we sit down to a table on chairs produced by scientifically conceived machinery. The table cloth was woven on scientifically constructed machinery. The very dishes from which we eat were made possible by an experimentation with high temperatures, so that the ancient art of the potter might keep step with our age. Indeed, our whole day's life is inextricably bound up with scientific research.

So it seems reasonable to take the point of view that the advance of civilization and the hope for its future are in science.

Science is founded upon a belief that the world is reliable in its operation.

And, strange as it may sound to some readers, this view was not widely current fifty years ago, and hardly conceivable 2,000 years past. To believe that the world is reliable takes us away from the old conception that "things just happen" or that very persistent belief that capricious and whimsical gods dispose of man and events according to fancy.

The characteristic attitude of the past is summed up in the case of the farmer who, when his barn was struck by lightning, offered sacrifices to Zeus, Thor, or an appropriate god so that such a thing might not again happen. Now we know the thing to do is to put up lightning rods.

And we don't stop there. Not only do we protect ourselves from outlaw electricity, but we have domesticated the force, as we did cows and horses, and have compelled it to draw our loads and carry our burdens. We can do this because we think of the world as a reliable, orderly thing, a cosmos and not a chaos.

Many very sincere scientists, in their endeavor to simplify the universe, overlook the subtle but rich implications of the idea of science for the matter of living. Science, viewed broadly, is more than a matter of test tubes and electrons. Fundamentally it is a discerning approach to the problem of living satisfyingly in an environment of materials, men, and events that do not of themselves conform readily to our desires. It is a search for truth.

Historians know that this manner of looking upon the world, while it may have received a lasting acceleration through the pioneer efforts of Leonardo da Vinci, Galileo, and others, was not unknown to wise men of Greece, 500 B. C. For example, Thales of Miletus knew of electricity. Indeed the word electricity is from the Greek word for amber because when amber is chafed it is magnetized.

The great problems of *why is the world* and of *what is it made* were the dominating inspiration of several philosophers who dwelled in Greece some 2,000 years ago. Pythagoras who lived 500 B. C., remembered by every high school geometry student because of his theorem on the square of the hypotenuse, determined the rate of the vibrations of the notes of the musical scale.

Aristarchus sent a student up the Nile in winter to take stellar bearings, and, by facts so acquired, measured the size of the earth within four hundred miles. We speak of molecules and atoms but

probably not many of us know that back in 400 B. C. Democritus developed the idea of atoms.

The question forces itself upon us: Why did not the idea of science develop in old Greece? Why did not the industrial revolution take place in 200 A. D. instead of in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries?

The first reason is, probably, Socrates. The modern skeptic punches holes in old ideas, but this famous skeptic put holes in the then new idea of science. The current school of scientists had advanced the theory that ideas and purposes, as well as ether and water, are composed of atoms. Socrates pointed out that the fact that you can and do think is in itself proof that something was started for you with which you commence. And Socrates won the day.

It is hardly fair to say that Socrates killed this early scientific school but he helped do so. And so did Aristotle. And so did Alexander the Great who brought back from his travels in the Orient those Chaldean magicians and astrologers who introduced the idea of magic into the West.

THUS Greek science died in early infancy. The Greeks couldn't develop the idea of science because they could not reconcile a reliable world—a world controlled by atoms—with the world of thought. The problem that Socrates saw, the gulf between mind and matter, the enigma of purpose and thought, still remains with us. Yet, it is one of the deepest satisfactions of men who devote their lives to science that in the search for truth in the material world occasional flashes come which will aid in the untangling of philosophical dualism.

Not so many years ago I was studying philosophy with my father and I recall that one of the most baffling questions to which we gave thought was that of free will. Some scientists used to say that man is the choiceless tool in the hands of his past experience and his heredity and his environment. But, as we delve deeper into science we are surprised to find that some "pat" air-tight explanations of other days are not sufficiently flexible.

We have, for example, long been told that the law of causality is inexorable, and in physics we were taught that a definite set of conditions produces a definite set of results. But, in an experiment involving the scattering of electrons we have discovered that the law of causality seems to break down. These electrons would not behave as we thought they should. Thus, we have concluded that

the law of causality is largely one of high probability, in short, a statistical law.

This experience, and others, interpreted in terms of a philosopher, means that a person's thoughts are not always controlled by what has happened. It takes away the old mechanism with which thinkers seemed to manacle the human spirit. Indeed if old Democritus had only known the results of our experience he could have vanquished Socrates, and perhaps the history of the world would have been changed.

Discoveries such as the one I have mentioned are typical of what is going on in science today and suggest the rôle of the scientist in developing saner and sounder life policies for the individual and for society. Science helps us to orient

ourselves to life and to see the universe as bigger and more intricate than ever before. Science helps us to find our place in our world, and to make living enjoyable by giving us a purer feeling for beauty; for is not the feeling for beauty a result of closer understanding?

Why do men who could devote themselves with reasonable certainty of success to business and to the professions prefer to toil in laboratories and to spend unbelievably long periods unravelling problems? My answer has been given. It is the enduring satisfaction of new interpretations of discoveries, new approaches to this high adventure of living. And in this study of science, the practical is really secondary to the enriched attitude the scientist acquires towards life.

Breve Reseña de la Convención de Viena

[Continué por pagina 43]

presidió la Asamblea de habla española e portuguesa. El Rotario Alex F. Enstrom del Rotary Club de Estocolmo, Suecia, habló sobre "Cooperación Internacional en la Ciencia," y el Rotario Abraham Frowein del Rotary club de Berlín, Alemania, presentó unos aspectos internacionales sobre el problema de los "Sin trabajo."

A la 1.15, los Rotarios de habla española y portuguesa y sus distinguidas familias y amistades asistieron a una comida dada en su honor en el Salón del Hotel Grand. El almuerzo se desarrolló entre la más cordial camaradería. El Rotario Gardot, Gobernador del Distrito 49 (Francia), que también presidía el almuerzo de los Rotarios de su país en el mismo hotel, entró en el salón en donde se celebraba el almuerzo de los Rotarios de habla española y portuguesa para saludarles muy cariñosamente en nombre de los Rotarios de su Distrito. La muy selecta concurrencia aplaudió al compañero Gardot e inmediatamente después el Gobernador del Distrito Español, D. Miguel Mantecón, fué a saludar a los Rotarios de Francia, en nombre de todos los países de habla española y portuguesa.

Varios clubs presentaron banderas de sus países al Rotary Club de Viena. Entre ellos el Rotary Club de México, Lisboa, y Santiago de Chile. El Rotario Esquivel de Veracruz, México, presentó al Presidente Roth un precioso album de cuero labrado como testimonio de la estimación de los Rotarios de Veracruz y de México. El Rotary Club de La Paz, Bolivia, presentó al Rotary International una preciosa bandera boliviana. Sir Charles A. Mander, Presidente de RIBI presidió una discusión en Esperanto demostrando su uso y valor como idioma universal.

El Presidente saliente Roth hizo su discurso de despedida e introdujó a su predecesor, Rotario Sydney W. Pascall, quien hizo su discurso de inauguración. A las 12.45 del Viernes, el Presidente Roth declaró terminada la 22a. Convención de Rotary International.

Este año la Casa de la Amistad ocupó un verdadero museo.

El Gobierno cedió los elegantes salones de lo que era el famoso Casino Militar para el uso de los Rotarios y sus familiares. La Convención de Viena alcanzó un ruidoso éxito, y los Rotarios todos al despedirse prometieron encontrarse nuevamente el año entrante en Seattle, E. U. de A. en donde tendrá verificativo la 23a. Convención Annal Rotaria.

Short Chats on Our Authors

WALTER LOCKE, even as you and I, has been hearing strange tales about Russia for years and years. Many, he noted, were contradictory. His newspaper-trained intuition told him some were mere propaganda, pro or con. Eventually, he reached the typically reporterish conclusion that the best way to get the facts straight was to go to Russia, and there eat black bread with the people, scuff his brogans on Moscow cobblestones—and keep his eyes and ears and mind wide open.

So, he did just that. He left his duties as editor of the Dayton, O., *Daily News* in other hands, and trekked to Sovietland. "An American Looks at Russia" is his un-shellacked account of what he saw and heard and thought. His point of view is simply that Russia is.

* * *

The word "Ponzi," noun, verb transitive and intransitive, is still used occasionally by financial writers with a long memory. It connotes bizarre speculation, recalling the peculations of one Mr. Ponzi, who, a few years ago, caused something of a flutter along Wall Street. Well, the reporter who did the exposé for the *Boston Post*, and received the Pulitzer award therefor, was William H. McMaster, author of "What This House Needs." Playgoers will remember his "Undercurrent," produced in 1926; novel-readers, his "Revolt"; and numerous Rotarians "from Boston to Houston and back again," his sprightly-spoken speeches.

* * *

"The Call of the Northwoods" might, in the slang of the day, be called a confession story. *Ruskin B. Warren*, who

wrote it, is an insurance man of Bel Air, Md., who, when the fag-end of a busy year looms, is wont to strike out for strange places where no care beguiles and all is quiet and balsam-scented.

* * *

In 1927 the Nobel prize for physics went to thirty-five year old *Arthur Holly Compton*, professor of Physics at the University of Chicago.

Professor Compton has been honored by numerous universities. He was special lecturer at the Punjab University, Lahore, India, 1926-7. . . . *Leland D. Case* is assistant editor of THE ROTARIAN.

* * *

John W. Harden, as his contribution makes clear, is—and has been for five years—service club reporter for the Charlotte, N. C., *News*. . . . *Lillian Dow Davidson*, wellknown to ROTARIAN readers, is wife of James W. Davidson, of Calgary, Canada, who recently returned from two years spent organizing Rotary clubs in the Far East. . . .

* * *

Three men offer ROTARIAN readers firsthand impressions of the Vienna Convention. They are *Sydney W. Pascall*, that genial Englishman who, as everybody now knows, is president of Rotary International; *Emerson Gause*, editor of THE ROTARIAN; and *Juan Roger*, of the Chicago Secretariat, who presents the Spanish version of the affair at *Wien*. . . . Shortly after the last gavel fell, the second-mentioned departed for other European centers, making contacts which should yield a rich harvest of articles and illustrations for future issues.

The Call of the North Woods

[Continued from page 12]

Indians signalled not to smoke or talk. We paddled to the middle of the small lake and stopped. After a few moments of silence the birch-bark horn was raised to the lips of the elder Indian. He called twice. Silence. Possibly five minutes later an answer came. It seemed fully three or four miles away.

A MOOSE had heard. The birch-bark horn sounded again. The hills echoed. The grunts of the far away moose came faster. The woods were as full of grunts as a suckling pig. Every moose in that part of the world, it seemed, either was calling or returning the call of the Indian. The guides now took turns. The father did the cow call, the son answered with the cry of the bull. Gradually the guides lowered the volume of their pleading.

I tried to look at my watch, but my hand shook as though it had been injected with a serum of the aspen leaf. I tried to get up so that I might stretch my cramped legs. An alarmed beaver slapped the water with his broad tail as he scurried away. The chief laid hold on my shoulder and pulled me to my seat. "Moose come," he cautioned with a grunt.

"Big a moose!" whispered the boy.

There in front of us, silhouetted by the soft gray moon, on the shore of the lake, stood the most peculiar animal I had ever seen. Muzzle extended toward us . . . tense . . . poised expectantly. . .

Silently the guides moved the boats farther out into the lake. The old Indian gave a low peculiar sound on the horn. Closing the small end with the palm of his hand, to make a vessel to hold water, he dipped the horn into the icy water and filled it to the top. He raised it to the extent of his reach, and the water slowly gurgled back into the lake.

The old bull heard the sound and gave a call and sallied forth to seek his mate. He sought the trysting-place. There was no fear now. The canoes noiselessly moved about, keeping the wind from the moose to us.

The old Indian called again and again. Closer and closer the bull came. We were playing the game of "the spider and the fly." I watched as one apart, fascinated. On the bull came, nonchalantly



it seemed to me. I half wished I was home. He was now but twenty yards away. He stopped—muzzle high. He stiffened. He snorted. He had scented us. The Indians threw the rays of our flashlights on him and yelled, "Shoot!"

Well, we did. I shall never know how I was able to obey their command. Our large calibre rifles spouted a long stream of fire across the lake. The report shattered the morning air. Mr. Moose fell to his knees, quivered and sank, made a few kicks and lay still, with two holes in his shoulder. By the time we had

The Rotary Hourglass

French, Italian, and Spanish Rotarians are considering holding their 1932 district conferences in Mediterranean port cities. Dates would be arranged so that many delegates could make the rounds of the three conferences in a boat chartered exclusively for Rotarians.

If THE ROTARIAN were to sponsor a fishing contest, Arthur S. Crites, of Bakersfield, Calif., immediate past governor of the Second District, would win so easily there would be no fun for other contestants. On very good authority we have it that while vacationing in Hawaii, he landed a 250 pound swordfish!

To make more speakers accessible to small Rotary clubs in northern Europe, plans were formulated at a committee meeting at Stockholm—with representatives from Denmark, Norway, Sweden, and Finland—for sharing expenses. It was also suggested that members planning trips in this region notify the district governor, so that, wherever possible, lectures might be arranged.

Rotary Clubs of Napier and Hastings, New Zealand, have, through H. J. Guthrie, governor of the Fifty-third District, asked THE ROTARIAN to thank the Rotary clubs and individual members who expressed their sympathy and rendered

towed him to shore and dressed him the sun was high over the hills. We had spent the night on the lake.

Several evenings later, after a bounteous moose steak supper, my companion and I again sat before the fire. The Indians were in the tent, snoring. The aurora borealis was energetically shooting rays to the southland. The moon was playing hide and seek in the clouds. The dipper—the same dipper that we knew at home—was twinkling at us. Neither had spoken.

"Say," I finally blurted out. "I am homesick. I want to get back to work. I want to see my family and friends."

"I feel the same way," my friend answered. "And it is the first time in my life that I really wanted to get back home from a trip."

I stood quietly and listened, for he was talking for me too.

"This outing," he was saying, "well, it has been just the release my inner tensions needed . . . and let me tell you something else, when the sound of the telephone bell makes me jump as if shot, and I kick the cat over the fence, or the wife and I are as friendly as two strange bull-dogs, I know what to do. It's to get away."

"Yes," I answered between puffs of cigarette smoke. "Then the North Woods call."

financial assistance at the time of the Hawkes Bay disaster. Seventeen Rotarians were completely ruined financially by the disaster to say nothing of all the others who suffered losses.

"The poem which warms the cockles of my heart," admits Paul Harris, founder of Rotary, in the *National Magazine*, is Whittier's "Snow-bound." He adds, "When I think of New England, I like to think of her best as clad in snow." Probably Paul was thinking of his own boyhood, spent in Wallingford, Vermont, when he named his choice. Certainly no better picture was ever given of a rural New England snow-storm than this:

The sun that brief November day
Rose cheerless over hills of gray.
And darkly circled, gave at noon
A sadder light than waning moon.
Slow tracing down the thickening sky
Its mute and ominous prophecy,
A portent seeming less than threat,
It sank from sight before it set.

Unwarned by any sunset light
The gray sky darkened into night,
A night made hoary with the swarm
And whirl-dance of the blinding storm,
As zigzag wavering to and fro
Crossed and recrossed the winged snow;
And ere the early bedtime came
The white drift piled the window frame,
And thro' the glass the clothes-line posts
Looked in like tall and sheeted ghosts.

"What This Firm Needs—"

[Continued from page 14]

They are generosity itself. They never would dispute an expense account. Sorry you can't have a bite with me."

The two shook hands, and the little man went out of the room with his shoulders braced back, and with a smile on his face. Bert Spaulding went to the job of getting his orders in shape for mailing. He was smiling to himself. "A great little fellow, that," he was thinking.

Two weeks later an important "conference" was being staged at the executive offices of Bennison's Silks, Inc., Madison Avenue, New York. It was the twenty-first "conference" of the month, all of them "very important" according to the vice-president who was in full charge since "old man" Bennison had taken an indefinite vacation.

"The conference will be in order," announced the vice-president, very formally.

"Today, we are to settle the important question of adding a general sales manager to the Bennison organization. The right man must possess intensive selling-ability of a creative character. He must

measure up to the high standards set by Bennison's over a long series of years of quantitative as well as qualitative development. What this firm needs is . . ."

He was interrupted by the opening of a door behind him. The word **PRESTIDENT** was printed on the door, in very small type. A neat appearing little man in a dark coat and a gray vest stepped quietly over to the table. The vice-president stopped, in confusion.

"Why—er—good morning, Mr. Bennison," he said. "I didn't know you were in, this morning. Won't you join our conference? We are taking up the question of a new general sales manager and we want a man who will measure up to the high standards set by Bennison's."

The little man nodded his head. He motioned the vice-president to a seat. The group of men around the table looked intently at the little man.

"Boys," he said, pleasantly, "I thought I would drop in this morning and see if I couldn't help you out in the matter of a general sales manager. I'm not sure,

but I think I've got just the man who can handle the job."

He turned to the vice-president, who was nervously looking at his wrist watch, or adjusting his tie which really did not need the slightest attention.

"We have a man named Spaulding covering our New England territory," said Bennison. "Have him come in."

"Why! Mr. Bennison," said the vice-president, looking at the others as if for moral courage to back up his attitude. "You don't mean to tell us that you are seriously considering Spaulding as general sales manager for Bennison's? Really, Mr. Bennison, I . . ."

"**S**EE here, Hawkins," snapped Bennison, "I don't like your 'really' tone. If you have any objection to my ideas, just say so, in plain English, but cut out this superior air."

"Pardon me, Mr. Bennison, I didn't mean. . . ."

"Yes, you did. You boys are getting so full of this superior complex that you are losing your ordinary sense of business. Tell Spaulding we want him."

While the vice-president, in person,



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went out to the salesmen's rooms to get Spaulding. Bennison stood at the head of the table and glared at the board of directors. Nobody said a word. The vice-president entered, with Spaulding behind him.

"Here he is, Mr. Bennison," said the vice-president. The salesman took one look at Bennison and gave an inaudible gasp.

"Good morning, Mr. Spaulding," said Bennison, smiling. "Please take a seat. We are holding a conference." He let his tongue hover over the word as though he enjoyed it, immensely. Spaulding sat down, as if in a trance.

"We are looking for a general sales manager, Mr. Spaulding. In fact, if we don't get a good sales manager and a few more good salesmen quick, this house will stop paying dividends." His eyes were snapping at the board of directors.

"AS THE holder of nearly sixty percent of the stock of the company, I am naturally anxious to see the dividends earned and distributed. I may be selfish about it, but I have a family to think of as well as a reputation to maintain. Has anybody said anything as to whether you would like to become general sales manager, Mr. Spaulding?"

"Why, no sir," said Spaulding, nervously. "I have never even thought about it."

"I know you didn't. You are not the kind of a salesman who is always looking for a big executive job." He turned his attention to the vice-president.

"But I surely thought that Mr. Hawkins, here, who is chasing out to Cincinnati or Hollywood or some place looking up sales managers might, at least, have given you the once over, especially as he has shunted you into every dead and dying territory we've got, until you wake it up and then he sends you on your way."

The little man looked very intently at his vice-president.

"Did you ever tell Spaulding that he was selling more goods than any man we have on the road?"

"No, Mr. Bennison," replied the vice-president, squirming. "I figured that Spaulding was a peculiar type . . . that he fitted into our scheme of revitalizing certain dormant territory . . . that, in a matter of executive leadership he would hardly . . . er. . ."

"I see," said Bennison. "You were satisfied to use up all the energy and



The membership roll of the new Rotary Club at Viipuri, Finland, is a roster comprising many of the city's leading business and professional men.

enthusiasm of this man, who was willing to tackle the rough spots and yet you never considered that the very qualities he was using up were the ones that would make him a good sales manager.

"There is only one thing that may interfere with my final approval and I have had Spaulding brought before us so that I can have him meet the situation. If he cannot meet it the fault will be his own. Get me his expense account for his last Boston trip!"

There was tense silence while the vice-president went to the bookkeeping department for the expense sheet. He handed it to the president.

"Gentlemen," said the president, "I want you to listen to this. . . . January sixth. Sample carrier \$5, lunches \$1, taxi fares \$1.75." He turned to Spaulding.

"You know that those figures are not correct, Mr. Spaulding."

"I know it, sir, but how was I to know that you were. . . ."

"Enough!" shouted the little man. "I don't want any explanations or alibis. Mr. Hawkins, what is the rule about fake expense accounts in this concern?"

The vice-president was smiling. "Mr. Bennison," he said, in his best executive manner, "the rule of this house in that very important particular, is dismissal."

"So you see, Spaulding," said Bennison, "you are no longer a salesman for the Bennison company." He waited for this to sink in, and then said, "But there isn't any reason on earth why you can't be Bennison's general sales manager." Everybody looked surprised, Bert Spaulding most of all.

"Don't worry, gentlemen," said Bennison, reassuringly. "Let me explain it. To me an expense sheet has always been the

best chart of a man's character. If Spaulding had put everything into his expense account that he had paid out, I would have been perfectly satisfied. Had he put in a padded account I would have been deeply disappointed in him. But he didn't do either one. He turned in an account way below his actual expenses.

"He did this because he thought that only certain definite expenses were allowed. He made up the extra by working harder and selling more goods. He was perfectly willing to spend his own money any way he pleased but the firm's money was a different matter."

The head of Bennison's, whose status as president was half way between retired and active, looked intently at his board of directors.

"IBELIEVE you said, a short while ago, Mr. Hawkins, that what this house needs is men of character and vision who are basically honest and who will give their energy to the building up of those high standards that have put Bennison's at the very top of the list, men who will put the house ahead of themselves on any and all occasions. Am I quoting you correctly?"

The vice-president nodded his head. Words failed him.

"There are only a few men of that type lying around," said the president, "so I thought we had better grab the only one I've met, lately, before he jumped to another house where they might appreciate his services more than we have seemed to do."

"Don't go, Mr. Spaulding! I would like to have you join me at lunch at the Silk Men's Association. I've got a tip for you."

Reporting the Service Club

[Continued from page 19]

giving some space as a true news story!

If you ever want anything kept out of the paper do not try to hide the facts. Lay your case frankly before the newspaper man, tell him the truth, and state your reasons for the request. There is no assurance then that you can stop a story, but there is assurance that you can not do it with threats, lies, and deceit. In about nine out of every ten stories, the papers have their intricate system of newsgathering so organized that they can check up on you anyway. And that may be stored away as a hint applicable to any phase of newspaper publicity—personal or otherwise.

GIVE any reporter credit for having taste enough not to write of your club membership troubles, your efforts to collect unpaid dues, and the other family details of your organization. That kind of stuff is not newspaper copy in the first place, no more so than bill collecting for a department store. Forget the false pride that makes you want to keep even a reporter from knowing that you can't pay your bills or that you can't keep up your membership. Consider him as an adviser in publicity—a combined lawyer and physician in whom you may confide.

And this brings us to the last of the three things important for a working relationship: Confidence and a free hand.

Put yourself completely in the hands of the news reporter in so far as your newspaper publicity is concerned. He knows "the game" and you do not. Don't try to censor his stories. Have it understood that you trust the representative of the newspaper and that you are depending on him to use his own judgment about everything he writes, and to keep the club in the right light at the same time.

By doing this you shift the responsibility. When you place any man on his honor he isn't so apt to kick over the traces as he is if you are guarding him and happen to look elsewhere for a moment. I have that "hokum" worked on me every week, with my eyes open, but I am human being enough to swallow it all. The feeling of responsibility and importance is still pleasant even after ten years of newspapering.

I am also susceptible to favors, as are

all human beings and therefore most news reporters. I do not mean that I can be bought with a cigar, with a box of cigars, nor with a cigar factory. But you who are anxious to present the work and the accomplishments of your service clubs to the world through the medium of the printed column will find that much can be gained by a little flattering attention.

Let me emphasize again the importance of placing the man who is "covering" your club on your secretary's mailing list to receive all your notices and bulletins. With his trained "nose for news" he can glean from these many items that the layman would never recognize as worthy of a press notice. If no individual on the paper is responsible for stories concerning your club, let the matter be addressed to the city editor, who will see that anything of news value therein is handled properly.

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An American Looks at Russia

[Continued from page 9]

this strange experiment is the crop. A country anxious to keep clear of communism will wisely hold these things in mind. It will sow its seed and weed its crops accordingly.

Moscow streets, a sea of smocks and cotton stockings or none; mile after mile of Moscow streets, and never a man with the old marks of an eminent citizen. No more is his lady in her silks and satins to be seen. Hither and thither busily the people move, all, to outside appearances, alike. The women in working clothes go their way; the men in working clothes go theirs. Save for the rare occasional foreigner, there is no other surface.

WE ARE in the workers' world. Wages, save for the foreign engineers, range from the three fifty-cent rubles a day of the pick and shovel hand to the five rubles of the bricklayer. The highest officials of the government may get more, as much as \$112 a month, with a little more in perquisites. At that, the economic level is like the geographical level, so nearly flat the eye can scarce catch the differences.

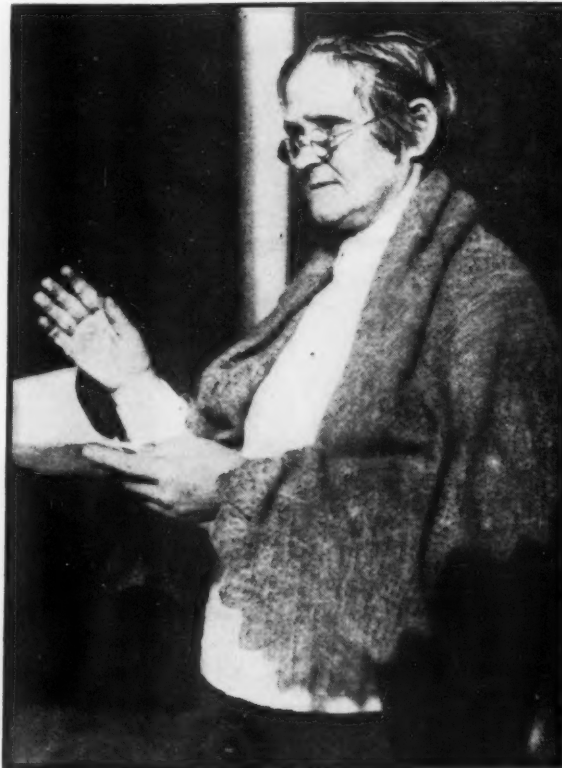
We come into Russia on a government train, ride to the government hotel in a government taxicab, refresh ourselves there with a government lunch. In a government street car we start forth, paying twice the fare of a working man, to visit the government factories. More than ninety per cent of all the people we see are employees of the government. The government pays them paper rubles for their labor, then takes the paper rubles back in exchange, at the government's own prices, for the products which they can produce.

The air shrieks of the "five-year-plan." The soviets are driving for a fixed goal of industrial and agricultural output, in a five-year period, most of which are past. To accomplish this requires the buying of much machinery abroad, especially in the United States. The government, Russia's sole importer and exporter, has no credit abroad. When it buys machinery, it must sell grain, oil, manganese, lumber—anything it can scrape up—to pay for them.

To save the necessary wheat, oil, and lumber, the government must so adjust the price and supply of its products as

to have a surplus left to export. This makes a scarcity market, a seller's market. No need to advertise, no reason to

Photo: Underwood & Underwood



Typical of the new rôle of women in Russian life is Comrade A. S. Oleneve, wife of a "shock worker" in the famous AMO factory at Moscow, and herself a district deputy.

dress up the store window. The store beneath our hotel window will open at eleven to sell its limited stock of galoshes. At six, five hours in advance, a queue of anxious would-be buyers forms. We can't window-shop in Moscow. Except for the book stores and the antique shops, there are no window displays to see. Where demand outruns supply, no tempting window is required.

The surplus left after the people have been sparingly supplied goes abroad in exchange for machinery for the five-year plan. Into the foreign market it goes at whatever price it will bring. This is the "dumping" we hear about.

Over all Russia rings now the crack of a verbal whip. The five-year plan must be speeded up. To make Russia prosperous, Russians must work faster. The little that Russia has, evenly distributed as it is, amounts to one vast equality of poverty. It is not want, but poverty; not

the squalor of slums, but the even scarcity of early America's backwoods. The United States is a land of an overplus which we have trouble to distribute. Russia is a land of well distributed paucity. It must cure this. It must produce more. Faster and faster it must

move. Every wall, every electric sign, every printed page, every voice from the radio urges the Russians on: "Hurry, hurry, hurry!" It is one perpetual war drive. The five-year war must be won. That's the spirit.

Yesterday this Russia was driven by the Cossack whip. Today it is lashed by the driving tongue: "Hurry, hurry, hurry." The Russians have never been used to hurrying. Can this go on and nerves not crack?

The communist party, two million intensively trained Utopians, is the autocratic new "little father" of this new Russia. The two million have the management of 162,000,000. They direct the wheels, they run the business, they act the landlord for all Russia. It is a straining, seemingly impossible task. The faces

of the officials in the government offices show the burden of it. They are jugglers, with a hundred balls to keep in the air at once. Just to watch them is wearing to the nerves, like a three-ring circus.

THE two million communists need more communists to help. The ten million workers in factories, best raw material for communist making, are not enough. Ten million proletarians, even supposing they can all be converts to communism, cannot forever dictate to fifteen times as many individualistic peasants. The peasants must become proletarians also. They must be changed from capitalistic farmers to wage-earners.

Presto! Under pressure of taxation, cajolery, government subsidy, the midget farms of the peasants are combined into the monster farms of the government. A "wheat factory" of more than half a million acres, with tractor furrows forty

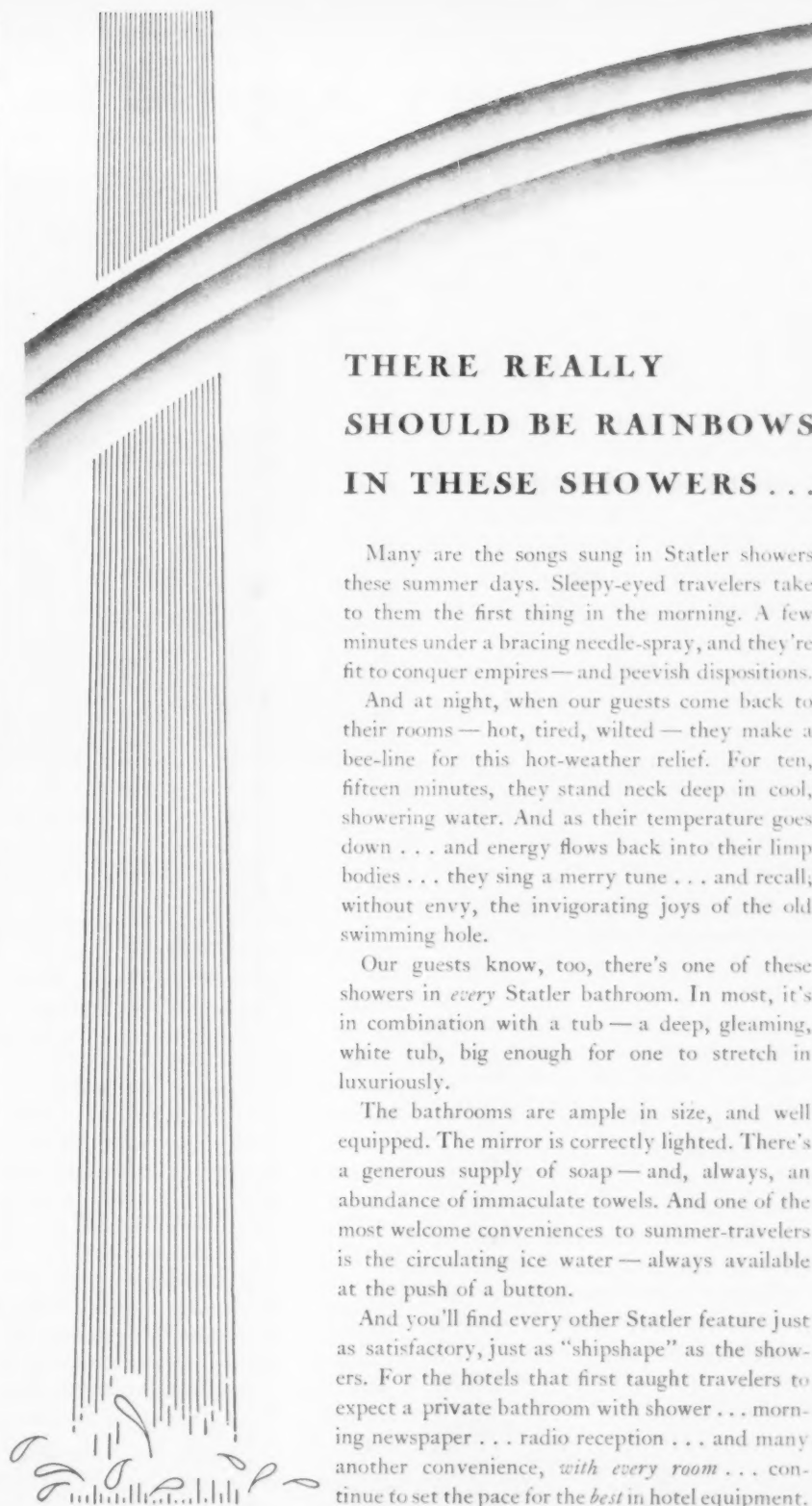
miles long, with the peasants working, not for the crop, but for their rubles—this is next. A fourth of the farms of Russia are already communized. Their workers are no longer workers for profit, but workers for pay. To turn wrong-end to, upside down, inside out, peasant minds which have stood immovable for tens of thousands of years—to do this in five or ten years is just one of the jobs which Russian communism sets for itself.

IN THAT five or ten years this knot of men, where the czar used to be, are to change hand-minded millions of people into machinery-minded men. It took the rest of us a century to make that switch. Men accustomed for ages to working for themselves are to be inspired with a passion for working for everybody. Millions, given from the dawn of time to ranging themselves into classes and castes, are to be acclimated, over night, to a one-level social landscape. A race which, from the birth of history, bowed down to something above itself, is to be happy now to worship only a social order. That is all! The mind reels at the weight of it.

Under this drive of a central providence with headquarters in the Kremlin goes on this effort to carry revolution to the roots of human nature. What is to come of it? Men can only guess.

Russia is what it is. We could not change it if we would. We can only keep cool, look straight into Russia, calmly adjust ourselves to whatsoever we see and foresee there. If Russia is to flood the world with wheat, the United States along with others must make plans accordingly. If Russia, with its tremendous resources, is to flood the world with wood and minerals and industrial goods, we must be ready to adjust ourselves to this fact. If out of Russia reverberates radicalism into the United States, then if there is to be escape, the roots must be cut, and the defects repaired, and the soil, out of which those things grow, sterilized.

Russia and the United States and Great Britain and all other nations are co-inheritors of the earth. No one can escape the other. This shrunken planet must house them all. Can powerful peoples, with their seemingly incompatible social and economic systems, find a way to share their world in peace? Surely, no other present situation has bound up in it so much of the future fate of the world, so tough a test of human common sense.



THERE REALLY SHOULD BE RAINBOWS IN THESE SHOWERS...

Many are the songs sung in Statler showers these summer days. Sleepy-eyed travelers take to them the first thing in the morning. A few minutes under a bracing needle-spray, and they're fit to conquer empires—and peevish dispositions.

And at night, when our guests come back to their rooms—hot, tired, wilted—they make a bee-line for this hot-weather relief. For ten, fifteen minutes, they stand neck deep in cool, showering water. And as their temperature goes down... and energy flows back into their limp bodies... they sing a merry tune... and recall, without envy, the invigorating joys of the old swimming hole.

Our guests know, too, there's one of these showers in *every* Statler bathroom. In most, it's in combination with a tub—a deep, gleaming, white tub, big enough for one to stretch in luxuriously.

The bathrooms are ample in size, and well equipped. The mirror is correctly lighted. There's a generous supply of soap—and, always, an abundance of immaculate towels. And one of the most welcome conveniences to summer-travelers is the circulating ice water—always available at the push of a button.

And you'll find every other Statler feature just as satisfactory, just as "shipshape" as the showers. For the hotels that first taught travelers to expect a private bathroom with shower... morning newspaper... radio reception... and many another convenience, *with every room*... continue to set the pace for the *best* in hotel equipment.

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Does Rotary Appeal to Youth?

DOES the young man of 1931, alert and ambitious, want Rotary?

An unnamed twenty-six year old "Son of a Rotarian," writing in the May ROTARIAN, raised that question and emphatically answered: "No!" His reply, supported by charges that Rotary is menaced by a spirit of complacency, the growth of nationwide corporations, and the sneers of certain novelists, has aroused much discussion, as has been noted in these columns. Some agree with the critical "son." Many do not.

One who does not is Robert E., son of Arthur W. Smith, immediate past president of the Rochester, N. Y., Rotary Club. Probably many other "sons" will concur in Robert's high opinion of Rotary. The following is an excerpt from a paper he, a college student, recently wrote as a reply to the criticism of Rotary voiced by a professor.

"Rotary is not perfect any more than could be any organization which places its aims high. But it is a step forward, and a long one. If but one member of each club were influenced to rewrite his advertising more nearly to represent the truth, or to call off that 'phoney' deal, or to install an employees' bonus system, then Rotary would have justified its existence and its claim to ethical idealism. And anyone who is at all familiar with the practical manifestations of Rotarianism knows that not one but many of its members are so influenced. Rotary has been called the 'sentimentalizing of business.' Although I do not agree with this point of view, granting for the moment that I do, may I ask, 'What of it?' Granting also that sentimentalism is fundamentally bad, its weakly harmful effects could not possibly come anywhere near offsetting the enormously beneficial consequences for which Rotary provides the inspiration. Going even one step further and leaving out entirely the matter of service in business, whether effective or ineffective, does not Rotary still justify its existence by its student loan funds, its crippled children's hospitals, its International conventions, and so on into



He didn't agree with his college professor.

a list of hundreds of other services of non-business character?"

WALTER I. CHURCHILL (*insurance, casualty*), Lawrence, Mass.:—

"What of the future? Is the Rotary Wheel wabbling? . . . The perpetuation of any club or group of clubs, organized on the high principle of fellowship and service, such as ours is, depends on life and leadership. The day of the younger men is at hand. They must be given places of responsibility in our clubs and lead the way to another quarter century of Rotary achievement. The success and very life of any movement depend much on capable, intelligent, and energetic leadership. We must continue to develop leaders—men with the We-can and We-will spirit, men of vision. Someone has said, 'Where there is no vision, the people perish.'"

WALLACE CASWELL (*in farewell address as retiring governor, Nineteenth District; classification: farm equipment manufacturing*), Cherokee, Iowa:—

"One cannot drive ten thousand miles up and down this district and discuss Rotary with officers of Rotary clubs of all sizes, without knowing that Rotary has its problems, the problems of youth, of inexperience, of idealism, of membership, of programs, of life itself, and to know that upon the solution of these problems depends the future of Rotary and not upon the wise-cracks of its critics.

. . . One of the problems being discussed at present is membership replacement, bringing in younger men. That is always a problem in any organization of older men. . . . Because of very limited and strict classification rules many very desirable men who would like to belong to Rotary are not available. Perhaps this should be changed. Fundamentally younger men are Rotarians at heart and in spirit. Youth is the age of idealism, of ambition, of spiritual buoyancy, of expectant eagerness. The objects and ideals of Rotary, if translated into achievement, will appeal to youth. Youth is the age of comradeship. Rotary furnishes that in abundance. Youth is the age of action. Rotary when efficiently functioning is action personified. Therefore, Rotary should lure rather than repel youth. But this is a problem that must be faced. When properly solved Rotary will be greatly strengthened for the future."

The following comments are from weekly publications of Rotary clubs:

THE "ROTOR," West Palm Beach, Fla.:—

"In the ten and one half months of the present Rotary year this club has lost eleven members and added to its roster eighteen. In the previous year we lost seven and gained fourteen. The year before that we lost fifteen and gained exactly the same number. In three years, therefore, we have lost thirty-three and gained forty-seven members. Eighty changes in a club that totals eighty-eight members! Surely that is quite a turn over since July 1, 1928! Or, expressed in terms of 'new blood' . . . thirty-six of our eighty-eight have entered the club in the last three years. Some of us may be old fogies but forty per cent would seem to qualify as that vigorous new blood that 'Son' was talking about. We believe that most clubs have about the same experience. There is a high percentage of change, which is good for the clubs and good for the members. Of course, in one direction the criticism was sound; some classifications won't be open once in a generation, which is hard on the splendid younger men coming along who are denied Rotary, thereby. . . . Why not limit the term of active membership to, say, ten years? After that, transfer the Rotarian to a non-voting, non-office-holding status

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and declare the classification open, letting another man have the benefit of Rotary, but keeping for the senior man the fellowship and the surroundings which have meant so much to him?"

THE PEPPER BOX (Ward Goodloe, Editor), St. Louis, Mo.:—

"There is nothing the matter with Rotary. We have some passengers who may have become weary and dizzy because they do not know what it is all about, and according to the law of averages, we shall always have some who never will know what it is all about. . . . Let Rotary keep constantly conscious of its objectives and it will always have new fresh vitalizing forces . . . the thought that you are a member or a unit in an international organization that is slowly and gradually drawing all nations into understanding of each other's problems, thereby forming friendships that will bring all the world into a universal kinship."

THE "COROTATOR," Coronado, Calif.:—

"This article apparently has been more widely read than any article in some time by Rotarians. President Al Roth mentioned it in his address at the conference, and it seemed to have caught the attention of a great many attending the conference. One heard quite a little comment about it with the majority apparently feeling the writer was mistaken as to the life and usefulness of Rotary."

LIVE STEAM (William A. Crawford, Editor), Pittsburgh, Pa.:—

"Of course Rotary will change—has changed in fact, as many of us have observed during our years of membership. And it is quite possible it may pass away entirely. But why get all steamed up about it? One thing we can be absolutely sure of, it will not have lived in vain. Rotary has made a very strong contribution to the business and civic life of our time and has struck an answering chord in the lives of many men. But when the time comes that some other ideal makes a stronger appeal to the men of another time and Rotary passes into history, we can rest assured that the work of Rotary will not die, it will only take another form. *And Rotary blazed the trail.*"

THE "ROTARECORD" (Stan. Carvolth, Editor), Blenheim, Ont., Canada:—

"The young man is possibly more familiar with conditions in large cities which have gone modern, but reflect a moment that three-fourths of the whole number of 3,429 Rotary clubs throughout the world are in the same class as our own, viz.: Division D or of less than fifty members."

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"The New Lido on the Riviera"

Hi! The Fortunate Prexy

[Continued from page 15]

cussion allowed on each and every one, and we adjourn promptly at 1:30. The board works hard when it works, and as a result there isn't a great deal to do otherwise. But it's a pleasure to do it when the time comes.

I can't help getting back to those past presidents again. I'm not itching to join them yet, but when this year is over, you can bet five years' dues I'll be proud. Why say, Edgar, they are a live bunch. Our club is twenty years old too, but you ought to see those P.P.'s step out to inter-city meetings and bring in suggestions for new members. Almost as inspiring as when Wisconsin scores a touchdown and everybody sings "Varsity."

A friend of mine in a neighboring city, who was president of his Rotary club last year, was visiting me recently. "What are you going to do during your administration?" he queried. "I certainly crammed Rotary principles down my members' throats during my term. I wasn't going to have our club degenerate into an entertainment forum. Don't you agree?"

Well, I don't. Cramping Rotary down anyone's throat is apt to cause halitosis and even a Rotarian won't tell you then. Anyway, I found out that this president lost members during his year and I sympathize with him, but I don't feel sorry.

During the summer months we had a couple of hot days when we did just the way our minister used to do occasionally on warm Sunday evenings when I was a boy. We had the preliminaries and then said, "The meeting is adjourned." I got letters thanking me for the "splendid meeting." I'm pretty sure that this fall and winter the boys who used to sneak out the side door occasionally after dessert are going to be more apt to stay, just because we let 'em out early this summer.

No, Edgar, the life of a Rotary president isn't so tough. You fortunately preface your article with the saving phrase, "As I understand it." I'm sorry, but I don't believe you do understand it. And you've an International Director in your club too. I went to school with Arnold Jackson, a close relative of "Bud" Jackson, the new director of R. I., and I'm going to have him down here some time during my administration. We're going to discuss you. Honest.

Patronize, criticize, cauterize? Why man, it's a pleasure, a privilege and a real treat to be a Rotary president. The hotel manager even asked me the other day what I'd like to eat for the Rotary luncheon. I told him fried chicken and we had it. I'M GLAD I'M PRESIDENT.

Rotarily yours, B. H. A.

The Marion, Ohio, Rotary Club is here shown placing a wreath on the President Harding Memorial at the recent dedication ceremonies. Rotarian Carl W. Sawyer was chairman of the program committee.



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